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...a new look
for South Carolina
politics

SEE PAGE SIX

osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

Volume 2, Number 44

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TRB

from Washington

Don't Count On Congress

If it weren't for the impeachment story we would be worrying about double digit inflation. The beauty of Watergate is that it takes our mind off our troubles. It is giving America the best melodrama since Joe McCarthy. What fun. People are tossed back and forth like trees swaying in a breeze. What would the newspapers and TV do without it? Don't think a lot of Congressmen aren't aware of advantages. Few are watching them. Reform bills are smothered while people read the transcripts. Debate is ignored. I went to a hearing last week chaired by Hubert Humphrey and at the end of the session there were present one senator, one witness, two reporters and seven tourists who had drifted off in the corridor. The witness was asserting that at the end of the year, U.S. inflation, after a lull, will be bounding up again. Better not think of it. There's always Watergate.

It is possible of course, it is just possible, that out of Watergate will come changes, Constitutional amendments and all that. Rarely has the situation been more malleable. But don't count on Congress for reforms; if they come, public anger will bring them, channeled not by political parties but by public interest groups, Common Cause, Americans for Democratic Action, Ralph Nader, the League of Women Voters and organizations like that which are more and more doing what political parties are supposed to do.

Let's run down the list. If there's one thing Watergate proves it's that campaign spending must be regulated. The Senate passed a moderate reform bill, April 11, 53-32, over a last-ditch filibuster by Sen. Allen (D-Alabama) but now it's stuck in the House where Rep. Wayne Hays (D-Ohio) has stalled a similar effort for 16 months. He promised to have a bill out in March. Why should congressmen, half from safe seats, who follow the crowd, who have been voting funds for the Vietnam slaughter for years, who are apalled at great issues that sweep the nation and threaten their comfortable rise through seniority - why should they approve federal limits on campaign funds, let alone (God forbid) public financing that might aid their rivals? This is the frightened flock that oddly enough now threatens Mr. Nixon; poor man, what a fate, to be run over by stampeding sheep.

The indignant public may reform Congress; Congress won't reform itself. The House committee structure hasn't been modernized since 1946 and power has drifted into the hands of a few big committees of which the most important is Ways and Means, under senior satrap Wilbur Mills. If we are to have an effective counterweight to the Imperial Presidency the House committee structure must be reformed. Speaker Albert asked Rep. Richard Rolling to try to do it. He got a first-rate 10-man committee of five Democrats and five Republicans that unanimously recommended sweeping changes. What happened? The Democratic caucus just considered the reform and voted it down (or sidetracked it) 111 to 95, in a clever secret vote so that nobody could tell how they lined up. These were not Republicans, mind you, these were Democrats, who are unctuously condemning Watergate and waiting for an anti-Nixon landslide this fall. They will probably get it, and won't deserve it.

Or take another reform, post-card registration, backed by such a subversive organization as the League of Women Voters, plus organized labor and others, and already through the Senate. Yes, but easier registration might bring riffraff to the polls, blacks and the poor. Voting percentages have steadily declined for 16 years: 64 percent of eligible voters voted in 1960; only 55 percent in 1972. Five or six states already use the system. Canada uses it. (The Canadians are now preparing to do most of the things in their parliamentary elections under their new Election Expenses Act that seem so radical to the timid USA). The House killed easier registration 204 to 197, Democrats voting 177 to 4 for the reform, Republicans 20 to 160 against. Again, ask yourself, how far can we rely on this body to counterbalance the arrogant Executive?

The list is too long. We have roaring inflation. Congress after 200 years still doesn't have a system whereby it can weigh income against outgo. "We simply cannot constrain inflation in this country until Congress gets its fiscal house in order!" testified John Dunlop, director of the Cost of Living Council. He calls it "the single most important structural change needed

in government." Congress talks about getting around to it. Yes, someday it says it is going to get good and sore and that President who is eroding its fiscal powers. You can hear Congress beating its chest angrily every morning from 8 to 8:15 before taking its plunge in its tax-provided pool.

Every other industrial country has a national system of health insurance and Congress has talked about establishing such a system this year. But Teddy Kennedy (and we don't blame him too much) has decided that his fellows won't override a Nixon veto (or maybe a Jerry Ford veto) and has cut back his ambitious proposal to let the insurance companies operate it, arguing, in a courageous face-to-face confrontation with trade union leaders at the Miami Beach union-management conference, that a toe-in-the-door approach is wiser under the circumstances. Kennedy, incidentally (it seems to this column) is edging closer and closer to becoming a 1976 presidential candidate all the time.

We aren't at all certain the Democrats will win in 1976. They have no discernible organized doctrine. They are split. Republicans elected Hayes despite the Grant scandals, and Coolidge despite the Harding scandals. Jerry Ford is just the likeable mediocrity the country could rally around after ousting Mr. Nixon, perhaps suffering a guilt complex.

Don't expect too much from the Democratic Congress. It's not used to responsibility. It won't do much on tax reform or social improvements, or anything of that sort. Congress recently quietly dropped a 13-year old disclosure law designed to curb junkets abroad that cost \$1 million a year. Rep. Hays, whose subcommittee handles the matter, took the House diningroom headwaiter with him to a 1963 NATO parliamentarians' conference in Paris on a junket like that. Don't put too much hope in Congress in the presidential mess. Watergate isn't all bad after all - it takes our mind off our troubles. As The Washington Post's Mary Russell succinctly put the matter recently, the position of Congress on reform is (inaudible), its action in the public interest (unintelligible) and its performance as a whole (expletive deleted.)

Feiffer



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Cheap Shots

Ken Love & the Governor

Former Columbia magistrate Ken Love's troubles have been phenomenal during the past year. In May of 1973 he was suspended from his magistrate's position by Governor West pending investigation of 18 charges of official misconduct against him. The Governor's office announced that they would conduct a show cause hearing at which Love should show why he should not be permanently removed from his position. One of the charges against Love involved his alleged practice of determining people's guilt who were charged with writing bad checks without having any sort of hearing before making the determination.

A secretary at Allen University, Loretta McMillan, who allegedly had been subjected to this process by Love was named as a key witness for the state in the governor's hearing. Love allegedly called Ms. McMillan after learning of the state's intention to use her as a witness and asked her to come by his office. Somehow, Chief J. "Pete" Strom of the State Law Enforcement Division (SLED) learned of Love's call and planted a tape recorder in Ms.



John West

McMillan's purse.

The tape recording of that conversation was presented to a grand jury which indicted Love for threatening Ms. McMillan in an attempt to have her perjure herself in testimony during the Governor's hearing. The tape was also used at the Governor's hearing as proof of Love's "official misconduct."

The result was that the Governor permanently removed Love from office. On July 3, 1973 Governor West issued a statement which said, in part: "Although some of the counts on the bill of particulars are of less weight than others and certain ones of them standing alone are probably not sufficient to warrant removal of the magistrate from office, the evidence in total shows a pattern of conduct, replete with acts of misconduct, indicating abuses of legal processes."

"In addition the evidence of his attempting to persuade a prospective witness to falsify the official records of his office, in itself, is more than sufficient to require his removal."

So the Governor said that even if all these other abuses didn't add up to enough, then the attempt to

intimidate Loretta McMillan into falsifying her testimony was enough, by itself, to do the trick.

But perhaps the Governor's office goofed, or perhaps they made a deliberate mistake, at least in regard to the charge involving Ms. McMillan. At the hearing Ms. McMillan admitted to writing bad checks and told the tribunal that Love only wanted her to sign a statement that she had pleaded guilty to writing bad checks and had made restitution. She said, "No he didn't ask me to sign something that was false." Ms. McMillan also said that Love had never asked her to give false testimony at the show cause hearing nor had he threatened her when they met in his office. The tape recording supported Ms. McMillan's testimony.

Love is now serving a sentence for attempting to bribe a Columbia police officer, but he says he has never been tried on the McMillan charge and he doubts that he ever will be.

The former magistrate told *Osceola* that the Governor's office participated in an effort backed by his political enemies to frame him and as proof he points to Ms. McMillan's present employment in the Governor's office. "If that isn't a payoff I don't know what is," Love said the other day.

Upon checking with the Governor's office, *Osceola* learned that Ms. McMillan is employed by the Manpower Office of the Governor's Division of Administration, although as the result of a marriage last winter her name is now Gibbs.

When told of Love's claims, Ms. Gibbs said, "I resent that and I plan to do something about it. It is definitely not true. I was working for the State Department of Education as a secretary when I learned of this job and I applied for it and got it. I would rather not talk about it over the phone though, can you meet my later this afternoon?"

Although a meeting was arranged, Ms. Gibbs called back later and cancelled the rendezvous with no explanation.

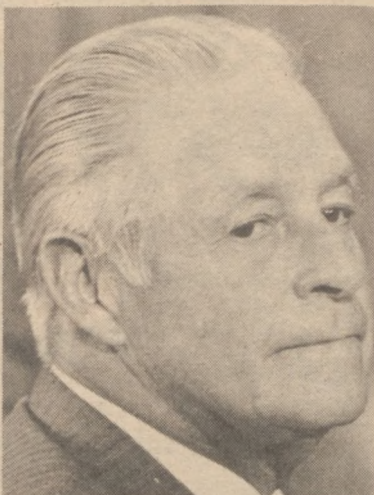
The Governor's office, when contacted shortly before press time, said they would check on the matter.

Grey Fox meets Turkey Caller

Few longtime observers of the South Carolina Senate can remember when the Grey Fox and the Turkey Caller wound up on opposite sides of any important piece of legislation. For years Marion Gressette and Rembert Dennis -- probably the two most powerful and influential men in South Carolina state government -- have been close friends and political allies. Seldom have their legislative aims differed, and when they have, friendship has persuaded one or the other to compromise.

But the word is spreading in the Senate that the longtime peace is about to break and that

when it does, there will be blood, sweat, and not a few tears flowing in the aisles of the Senate floor. The issue that will spark the battle, say Senate observers, will be the controversial segment of the appropriations bill containing initial funds for the proposed second medical school. The S.C.



Marion Gressette

House of Representatives has already passed the state appropriations bill including \$391,000 for the state's share of the first year operating costs for a second state medical school.

Dennis appears undecided at present concerning the second med school. He told supporters last week he cannot vote for or against a second medical school until he hears a "four-square recommendation" from the South Carolina Commission on Higher Education, with "no hedges, no ifs, ands or buts and no conditions yet to be met."

Senate sources following the medical school issue closely said this week, however, that Dennis is beginning to lean against supporting funds for the school. They say that Senator Gressette on the other hand has made up his mind to support the school appropriation.

If that turns out to be the case, and Rembert Dennis starts calling due his political accounts payable at the same time Marion Gressette and Governor John West are calling their own, the smaller fry of the legislature will start looking for a place to hide. Sorta like getting caught between a rock and a hard place.

If things shape up that way, it's anybody's guess who might still be standing when it's all over. One longtime lobbyist said this week he wouldn't miss that battle for anything. "But," he said, "If it comes down to an all-out war on the Senate floor, I think Marion would win."

Temperature's Rising...

The controversy over the second medical school is one of the most complicated and divisive to his South Carolina in many years, as noted before. It's hard to take sides without more figures, more commitments, and a little more faith. But the Medical University of South Carolina, which is the most vociferous opponent of the second school, is not helping its cause any with some of its recent statements.

First the board of trustees of

MUSC angered almost every non-doctor in the state by saying the state is on the verge of having a surplus of doctors, without defining to the average person what that means -- doctors making meager incomes of \$35,000 a year or having enough doctors in small towns?

Then last week in a newspaper interview, Dr. William McCord, the president of MUSC came up with some rather amazing statements about doctors' incomes in South Carolina. *State* reporter Jack Truluck wrote:

"Asked about reported high earnings of doctors in South Carolina, Dr. McCord said he has known some doctors who live quite austerly, but who keep it a secret from the people. He said he has known young doctors who kept people in their waiting rooms to give the impression they were busier than they were."

Made us a little sorry for the first time for our doctor and his apparent struggle to make his Cadillac, country club, home, and beach-home payments. Go to your room, Dr. McCord.

More news from Cherry Grove

As reported last week in *Osceola*, The Channel Development Corporation of Cherry Grove Beach is involved in what may become a precedent-setting case regarding the destruction of salt marsh estuarine areas by subdivision developers. The corporation and its principal stockholder Phil Permenter of Cherry Grove are being sued by the U.S. Justice Department at the request of the North Myrtle Beach Environmental Association for violation of the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1890, which requires any developers altering any property under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to first apply for a permit from the District Corps. The suit maintains that the developers have dredged from 40 to 150 acres of marshland which is under the Corps' jurisdiction without a permit. The developers maintain that that property does not come under the jurisdiction of the Corps, and that the Corps has so indicated in the past. As explained in last week's article, the Charleston District Corps of Engineers, unlike other Corps Districts, strictly defines the tidal land under their jurisdiction as that which falls below the mean high water mark. In recent years, other Corps Districts have broadened the interpretation of their jurisdiction to include any land affected by the ebb and flow of the tide. During a preliminary hearing this week before U.S. District Judge Sol Blatt Jr., an interesting development occurred which further complicates the already-complicated jurisdictional dispute. Blatt issued a temporary restraining order halting the dredging after it was revealed in court that a temporary benchmark used to determine the mean high tide level in the Cherry Grove marsh may have been established as much as two feet

too high. As pointed out in last week's story, at sea level an elevation difference of 2 or 3 inches can include many acres of land. The Channel Development Corporation now claims to be working 2.4 inches above mean high tide. If the benchmark used to determine this figure is more than 2.4 inches too high, this would mean that the developers are actually working below mean high tide and would therefore come under the jurisdiction of the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1890, no matter how it is interpreted. James Pike, president of the North Myrtle Beach Environmental Association, which initiated the suit, told *Osceola* this week that if the benchmark is found to be too high, "it would have a very detrimental effect on the developers." Pike and sources within the Justice Department have indicated that if the benchmark is incorrect, some consideration may also be given to possible action against other developers in the Cherry Grove marshlands area.

(Permenter and former state representative John Jenrette of North Myrtle Beach, now a Democratic candidate for Congressman from the Sixth District, own another subdivision nearby known as Heritage Shores. The Heritage Shores subdivision, which has almost been completed, is located on what was until recently a portion of the Cherry Grove marsh. Permenter also carried out dredge and fill operations there. Their right to dredge the area was challenged several years ago when the development was begun. The current dispute over the marshlands nearby could revive the older dispute.)

During the course of Monday's hearing, Judge Blatt made a routine inquiry regarding the names of the stockholders in the Channel Development Corporation. According to several individuals who attended the hearing, his inquiry resulted in a frantic whispering session between the defendants and their attorneys, followed by evasive answers. Later in the hearing, Blatt ordered the corporation's officials to produce a list of its stockholders as soon as it could be made available.

In an attempt to determine the officers and stockholders of the corporation, *Osceola* this week examined records on file in the S.C. Secretary of State's office. The records indicate the corporation was formed on July 17, 1967 and that its incorporators included Phil R. Permenter and Mildred G. Thomas of Cherry Grove Beach, and D.W. Green Jr. of Conway. An annual report filed with the Secretary of State in 1970 shows that the officers of the corporation were Phil R. Permenter and Sydneth Earle Permenter and that Phil R. Permenter owned 100 percent of the stock.

The records also show that the Channel Development Corporation was dissolved by forfeiture on April 3, 1972 for failure to "pay its franchise tax on or before the date on which such franchise tax is payable." George Sauls of the State Tax Commission's Corporate Division (Continued on page 14)

Discrimination in Columbia?

by Dick Harpootlian

"The city officials in Columbia are pure racists. It's just got to be gross racism. I can't see any other reason behind the dilatory conduct on he part of Columbia's city officials."

South Carolina's Commissioner of Human Affairs George Hamilton leaned forward in his chair, gesticulating, trying to

express his anger. "I'm pissed off."

Hamilton said his agency, created by the legislature to deal with discrimination in the state, has received cooperation and help from "every other city in the state, except Columbia." In Columbia, Hamilton claimed, efforts to conciliate and mediate racial difficulties have been frustrated by what he terms city officials' "racism."

The commissioner's comments were prompted by Columbia city officials' response to a complaint filed with the commission by a black Columbia city worker who charged he had been discriminated against by city employment practices. The worker, James Smith, alleged that although he had received praise from his superiors during the past eight years of his employment with the city, each time a position which would represent advancement to him was vacated, it was filled with a white worker, someone who had been with the city for a shorter period than him and who had been trained by Smith.

"I started working with the city on February 10, 1966 as a human relations specialist. In 1967 I was promoted to Inspector I with the Urban Rehabilitation Department, checking houses to make sure they met housing code standards. In 1968 they hired a



James Smith

white man to fill the job of Inspector II, which I was supposed to get. When that same

job came open again they bypassed me and put another white man in it. In 1972 when this white guy said he was leaving I went to Joe Winter, my boss, and told him I was interested in the job and he told me I would get it. Then they decided they were going to give the job to a white guy who had been hired under the Emergency Employment Act earlier that year. Why, when that white man had come to work he didn't know A from B, I fully trained him myself. I can't see why they put him over me because I trained him."

Smith said he hesitated to file a complaint with the Human Affairs Commission, but since his superiors would not yield to reason he felt the commission was his only answer. After filing his complaint he says Winter called

him in and offered to give him a raise, without a promotion, if he would drop the case. "I told him no," Smith said, "Winter told me that he thought a white man would be better in his place when he retired, so a white man had to be in the Inspector II job, cause that's who is in line to replace Winter."

Smith said he has been an excellent, reliable employee, always receiving compliments on his work and even has commendation letters from city officials, including City Manager Gray Olive. "Why I even have a five-year loyal service pin," Smith pointed out.

Hamilton claimed that the city has been using dilatory tactics avoiding the issues. He said that whenever a complaint is filed with the Commission he first contacts the agency head, or mayor or whoever is responsible in a particular entity and he requests an informal meeting with them to determine if the complaint has any basis whatsoever. "Sometimes this means dismissing the complaint right away or we can work something out without hard feelings or trouble."

But in Columbia, Hamilton said, city officials have consistently refused to have even informal meetings. "Hell, I wrote Mayor Campbell a letter suggesting we set up an informal meeting to try to iron out any difficulties and his response was very nasty. He said to talk to Gray Olive. Olive said to talk with his attorney Roy Bates. Then Bates said they had a labor lawyer Julian Gignilliat. So there was no meeting. We requested an opportunity to examine Smith's personnel record and they told us to go to hell."

The result has been a suit brought by the City to declare the Human Affairs Commission without jurisdiction to deal with municipalities' employment practices. City Attorney Roy Bates explained, "This is it in a nutshell: our case has nothing to do with the merits of James Smith's case. We think the act under which the state legislature

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"...It's a shame and disgrace..." — James Smith

created the commission is ambiguous. The Act gives the commission jurisdiction over any state agency, department, or local subdivision. Now my English book tells me that subdivision goes to agency and thus the act gives them jurisdiction over subdivisions of state agencies."

Bates also believes that this route is ultimately the only one which the city can conscientiously follow. "What happens if the Human Affairs Commission has jurisdiction is that Smith or anyone else would have three chances to win his case. First with the commission and if he lost there then with the EEOC (the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission) and then through the city's grievance procedure. This works a hardship on the party that Smith or any other complainant might be seeking to replace. If there is only one job, what about the man who was given that job and who has no rights in any of the cases?"

"What we're trying to do is avoid a multiplicity of suits, a kind of double jeopardy," Bates explained.

The city attorney also contends that this route is the most beneficial for everyone because it will clear up any ambiguity or misunderstanding concerning the commission's powers. In commenting on Mayor Campbell's refusal to meet with Hamilton, Bates says that Campbell would have violated state law if he had discussed personnel matters with Hamilton. "He went to the wrong man, the Mayor has no power in these matters. The city manager is the man to see."

Bates refused to speculate on Olive's reasons for not meeting with Hamilton and Olive was unavailable for comment.

"We're not trying to harass anyone. We're not trying to be arbitrary or racist. We just want this jurisdictional matter cleared up," Bates claimed.

Commissioner Hamilton, however, feels strongly that Bates is dead wrong. "I just don't think it's just James Smith anymore,



Mayor John Campbell

there's more. In other cities we can have informal conferences and at that point the officials ask, 'What can we do to resolve this?' They would rather deal with us than the Federal people. Why hell, we have conciliated 26 complaints in the private sector alone; banks, mills and others. And as you know our powers in the private sector are very limited."

I'm angry as hell that a guy like James Smith can file a complaint in July 1973 and now it's almost a year later and while the city goes on with business as usual, no justice has been had. This isn't the first time this has happened either. Last year two young black girls were brutally beaten at Sears by some policemen. The black community was outraged, things were tense. We approached the

city to offer help and you know what they did? They told us to go to hell. We wanted to bring some sanity to the situation. The only time this city has reacted to black people is when the blacks take to the streets. You let Redfern walk uptown with pickets or you let a black and white kid get into a fight in school and then you see

some efforts to iron things out, but only when it gets to that stage. I've been telling black people all over this state that our battle in the streets has been over since 1959; we have an agency, a valid process to take care of discrimination. White folks don't take to the streets to get decent jobs, now do they? If we can't do it then maybe black people should go back to the streets, but let's let

this agency have its chance."

Hamilton said he believes the city's "efforts to avoid dealing with the merits" is prompted by a more sinister motive. "They don't want to let us into their personnel files, they must have something to hide. When we win this suit, we're going to get a look at those files and see exactly what the city's employment practices are."

Roy Bates, however, claims that the commission is acting irresponsibly by filing requests with the court to examine personnel records which "have nothing to do with this case." Bates claims the city has a duty to clear the air on the jurisdictional issue before dealing with anything else.

Mayor Campbell, apprised of Hamilton's "racist" tag for him

said, "No one has any hard feelings about the situation as far as I am concerned."

The mistrust and frustration on Hamilton's part and the casual attitude on the city's part leaves James Smith sort of in the lurch. All he can think of is his right to have a job for which he believes he has worked and is better qualified for than anyone else in the city. As he puts it, "It's a shame, I'll tell you that, it's a shame and a disgrace."

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Goodbye, Sigma Chi

The 200 or so women who gathered at the Sheraton Inn last Saturday hardly met the stereotyped description of "women's libbers."

Most were conservatively attired in crisp "Sunday" dresses, and some of their stylish coiffures hinted at long hours spent in neighborhood beauty salons.

But those smartly-dressed, Southern belles came to Columbia with much more on their minds than the latest styles, local gossip or even that traditionally-female conversation piece, soap operas. Like true "women's liberationists," they came to talk politics and hopefully, to gain political effectiveness and influence in South Carolina.

The conference, appropriately called "How to Win Votes and Influence People," was co-sponsored by USC's Division of Educational Services and the South Carolina Women's Political Caucus, a group which is rapidly gaining a strong voice in the state political scene. In fact, one point which was repeatedly stressed throughout the day's activities is that through such organizations women are making themselves heard in South Carolina politics, and politicians are finally realizing that they had better listen.

And the politicians were listening last Saturday. Scores of candidates for state offices followed the crowds to the Sheraton, many bringing their wives in hopes of establishing better rapport with the women or else sending a delegation of enthusiastic supporters (mostly female) to plead their cases. Unlike the women candidates who merely had to show up and mingle with their "sisters," the males had to come up with a sales pitch to win over female support.

Nick Zeigler (candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination) and Alex Sanders (candidate for lieutenant governor) were perhaps the only male diners at the group's luncheon, yet they appeared unembarrassed as they sat among the women, devouring their fried chicken and mashed potatoes.

Horace Smith, another candidate for lieutenant governor, came up with a sure vote winner. His smiling supporters handed out a bag full of campaign literature that included a colorful red, white and blue nail file 'specially for the ladies. Tastefully imprinted on the file, of course, was the subtle hint "Elect Smith Lt. Gov."

But the ladies were obviously unimpressed by many of these vote winning tactics. They wanted to talk issues and to get answers, something which they sometimes found difficult to do.

"Does your husband support the ERA?" one middle-aged lady interrogated the immaculate wife of a candidate.

"Well, uh...he's studying it," the politician's wife answered evasively.

"You mean that after two years he's still only studying it!" the interrogator asked. The wife, who apparently had not been grilled in how to

handle this type of situation, quickly backed away.

What the women did find impressive, however, were the vocal female speakers who led the caucus workshops or spoke during the group luncheon. It was these women, rather than the slick politicians, who spoke their kind of language; it was these women who told them what they wanted to hear.

Plump, gray-haired Liz Carpenter was met by thunderous applause as she called for greater women's political involvement and preached the equality of the sexes. Five years ago, Carpenter (the former press secretary and staff director for Lady Bird Johnson) would have been branded a

radical feminist if she had dared to speak such nonsense before a crowd of women. Now her words made good sense, and both the conservatives and liberals in the group listened to her in complete agreement.

"We are a sex whose time has come-at every age, at every income-across the board...For too long we have had too little to say in all those decisions that affect our lives-in city hall, in legislatures, in Congress, in the Supreme Court, in the White House. We have been left out of the political process. Never again," Carpenter stressed.

As she scanned across the room of attentive



Liz Carpenter

Jean Toal



"We've got to get hard-nosed and nasty. We've got to get close enough to almost spit in the eyes of these politicians and tell them what we want."

"We are a sex whose time has come...For too long we have had little to say...in city hall, in the White House. Never again."



Modjeska Simkins

Dr. Carlanna Hendrick



South Carolina women, Carpenter said, "Where is the women's liberation movement at? It is exactly where you are at. Right in this room...right now...right in this room and proceeding all over the country and around the world where women seek to be counted at their true worth." Five years ago she might have been booed by an angry mob of irate Southern women, women who were proud of their place in society and who had no intention of changing it. But now, all that was different.

And then there was Jean Toal, a bright Columbia attorney who is currently seeking a seat in the S.C. House of Representatives. Toal was by far the most popular candidate among the women. As she stood to be introduced during the luncheon festivities, Toal was cheered enthusiastically; no other candidate present could boast of such a reception.

For Toal, the entire convention was like a "shot in the arm," the kind of medication she needed to continue in her sometimes-discouraging campaign for the House in Richland County. "Liz Carpenter said that meetings like this one can

give women candidates a good boost of self-confidence, and she was right," Toal laughed.

But Toal was not the only woman in the group with political ambitions. Many there were already campaigning for seats on city or county councils, and according to Toal, several more will most likely file to run for office before the deadlines.

Even now, it is not easy for women to make this decision; as Toal pointed out, it requires a great deal of "soul searching and hesitation." Yet through such activities as the Saturday convention, many hesitant women are getting the encouragement they need to decide to enter politics, which for so long has been a "man's world." Toal remarked, "It is very heartening to see women becoming involved in politics and there is evidence of a good deal of involvement in this state."

An even larger number of the group, however, had little intention of running for political office. They came to learn how to make their needs known to politicians and how to get what they want. Many of the women present had lobbied enthusiastically for the Equal Rights Amendment when it came before the General Assembly last

year, and as a result, they knew what it was like to try hard, and fail.

Perhaps this was why long-time political activist Modjeska Simkins of Columbia, one of the speakers in a workshop on "Raising Issues, Getting Answers and Lobbying," was so well received by the disappointed women. Although she had also been one of those who failed to insure passage of the ERA, Simkins was not accustomed to failure, although she is accustomed to fighting long, hard battles against unreceptive politicians.

"We've got to get hard-nosed and nasty. We've got to get close enough to almost spit in the eyes of these politicians and tell them what we want," Simkins stressed. Her career as a "hard-nosed, nasty" political agitator began in the latter part of the Suffragette movement, and since then, she has made her mark as an effective leader in the fight for civil rights. She has little sympathy for citizens who through "apathy or maybe just disinterest" allow politicians to be unproductive. That is why she urged women to make their needs and wants known to politicians and to reject the notion that "we're at the mercy of the political power structure" and can do nothing about it.

There were other women speakers with different ideas on how to gain political effectiveness. Carlanna Hendrick, a petite young professor from Frances Marion College, advised women to get involved in a particular party and become a vital part of its activities. With a thick Southern accent, she pointed out that for too long women have been the stamp lickens and envelope stuffers of the campaigns. Disturbingly, however, one of the sure ways for women to rise above these menial duties is to "become known as a woman with money," Hendrick said.

"One of the most effective ways that women can earn power in politics is with money," she told the group. "If you're known as a woman who can provide people and money you can share in politics and political power....Just being a woman with good ideas is not as important as being a woman with money."

Her recipe for success in a political party, which she feels is necessary if women are ever to gain a true voice in the existing political structure, is quite different from that of Simkins. Although Simkins confessed she has always been a card-carrying Democrat, she warned women who adhere strictly to a certain political party, "No party has ever done anything for anybody unless they were forced into it." Unlike Hendrick, Simkins said that party preference was really inconsequential, that women should always vote for the person rather than for the party. "One place where you are really equal is at the voting box. Your vote is as important as anyone else's so don't let anyone cheat you out of it," she told them.

Despite the idealism of such women as Simkins, most females who have become "big names" in the state political scene are closely identified with a particular party, and that, many times, has been a key to their success. In fact, as Liz Carpenter pointed out in her comments on the South Carolina Women's Political Caucus, one of the major strong points of the state group is that "it has connections in the establishment." "I look for great success here," Carpenter predicted. "Often state caucuses have the problem of not having connections in the establishment, but this can be a caucus with clout."

"A caucus with clout" is exactly what the South Carolina caucus aims to be. Members boast of the rapidly increasing amount of women's involvement in state political happenings; they brag that there are now five females in the General Assembly, a figure which is high in comparison with many other states. And they hope that such success is indicative of a change that has come over women not only in South Carolina but across the nation.

As Carpenter said, "The sweetheart of Sigma Chi is dead. Do not mourn for her. She was a darling while she lasted—but the world didn't have room for her anymore. And she is being replaced by a much more alive young woman."



Larry Roof

PHOTOS BY BOB THOMPSON

More than 'crafts'

by Bob Thompson

"Sparkleberry" has a nice ring to it. The word sounds like the kind of term you might coin to emphasize the clean, shining naturalness of a pristine wood. Too often one finds such a pleasant-sounding word etched into a rustic sign luring patrons into one of the proliferating housing developments that rape the environment so thoroughly and yet sound so righteously beautiful. So such terms smell nastily of euphemism.

But sparkleberry -- the name of a small tree that abounds on Larry Roof's small tract of land near Lexington -- may find a better fate awaiting it. Sparkleberry Crafts is the name of a small but promising enterprise which, if all goes well, might provide the fertile earth needed for the seeds of individual enterprise and "culture" to nourish locally.

Roof, the idealistic and energetic creator of Sparkleberry, feels certain those seeds are yet to be found in the Columbia area. He probably wouldn't like the word "culture" being used to describe all the plans he has for Sparkleberry, though. He finds labels difficult to work with -- he even questions the word "crafts" that is engraved into all the signs that advertise Sparkleberry.

The 37-year-old Roof would rather stick to plain old Sparkleberry, since his grand scheme of things goes far beyond mere crafts. But more importantly, as his wife Phyllis points out, the word crafts has an artificial connotation nowadays; the only "crafts" most people know of are those boxed and wrapped in cellophane and thrust in store windows (directions included, of course).

So it is the idea of individual, original art which is the guiding force behind Sparkleberry. The reality at this instant consists of an 18-acre patch of sandy, timbered land, a display studio, a workshop, and a home. When Roof's present visions are made tangible, Sparkleberry will include

a bakery, an amphitheatre, an indoor theatre and who knows what else. It's impossible to imagine Sparkleberry ever being finalized or to imagine it will stop growing, because it seems Roof doesn't wait long enough to savor one idea before moving on to another.

The man behind all this idealistic dreaming, J. Larry Roof, is an architect, craftsman, dramatist and artist. Roof was born and raised near Lexington, and studied architecture at Clemson University for three years before transferring to Mississippi College, where he graduated with a B.A. in art in 1963. From there it was on to Baylor University in Texas, where he received his M.A. in dramatic arts and stayed on to teach -- of all things -- industrial art.

He taught woodworking, his specialty among many specialties, at Baylor, and also at Morehead State College in Kentucky and at Montreat-Anderson Junior College in North Carolina. In the last decade he's worked with six different architectural firms and two building and realty companies. His last bona fide job in the outside world was as an art and industrial arts teacher at Lexington High School.

Why a man of Roof's ability was lost to the public school system is due partly to his attitude and desires, and partly to what he feels is extreme regimentation in the school systems. The two problems -- attitude and regimentation -- go hand in hand. Roof shares a desire that almost everyone at one time or another feels: the need to express himself individually, independent of rules and values and mores set by others. It's not easy to reconcile that desire for self-expression with the strictures that come with working for someone else. And it is especially frustrating to find one's attempts at expression quashed by rules and standards that often make no sense.

That is why Larry Roof is self-employed and no longer works for any school system. He is hesitant about bringing up the subject of the public school system, as one would naturally be about unpleasanties. But when he speaks, you can tell it still rankles him that qualified and imaginative people are forced from the teaching ranks because "they don't meet the letter of the requirements," as he puts it.

Personally, Roof feels qualified to teach but claims he has been hindered by never having any education courses. What it amounts to, he says, is "I can teach teachers but I can't teach the students they are going to teach." He continues, "You end up losing some teachers who are

doing a good job."

At any rate, he is out of that vicious circle, and seems very glad of it. Now he is working on his various projects and folk arts at Sparkleberry, and trying to provide a stimulus -- and a place -- for others with his inclinations to put their ideas into action.

Roof's time is divided between creating items for display in the studio, working on his house, and recruiting artists and craftsmen to show their works at Sparkleberry. The studio -- he contends that it's not a store because people are free to browse without buying -- includes a wide array of crafts made by local artisans. Roof himself has done most of the woodworking projects, and his wife Phyllis makes jewelry, woven items, and candles.

Other original creations in the airy, modern-looking studio include pottery by Joan Siebert, pine straw weaving by Jerry and Sue Husman, wind chimes by Alicia Dolan, and macrame-type handbags by Barbara Wrisley. Also, herb gardens by Evan Hines are displayed. All the items are for sale, and Roof estimated that prices range from one-half to one-third what one would pay in most crafts shops.

Two problems have cropped up since the display studio opened last October. The gasoline shortage has taken its toll of patrons, for one thing. Sparkleberry is located off of Highway 204 a couple miles south of Interstate 20 -- about 18 to 20 miles from downtown Columbia. A 20-mile jaunt just isn't what it used to be, and Roof feels patronage is less than what he had hoped it would be by this time.

Getting craftsmen and artists to display at Sparkleberry has also been a problem, Roof explained. There are plenty of talented artists in Columbia, he said, but he is "puzzled at the number of people who don't show whom we ask to." Distance is a problem, but there's more to it than that.

"Most craftsmen are content to carry their stuff around in the back of a station wagon, and just sell it on the road," Roof remarked. Also, many artists are hesitant to display their creations in a new studio that hasn't had time to build up a reputation in artistic communities, he said.

The whole approach to Sparkleberry is refreshingly non-materialistic. Basically, Roof feels that he has the facilities available, and all that is needed for Sparkleberry to become a gathering place for artists of all kinds is for the public to become aware of its existence and to support it. He envisions Sparkleberry as a cultural meeting place, where anyone interested in arts and crafts, whether from the

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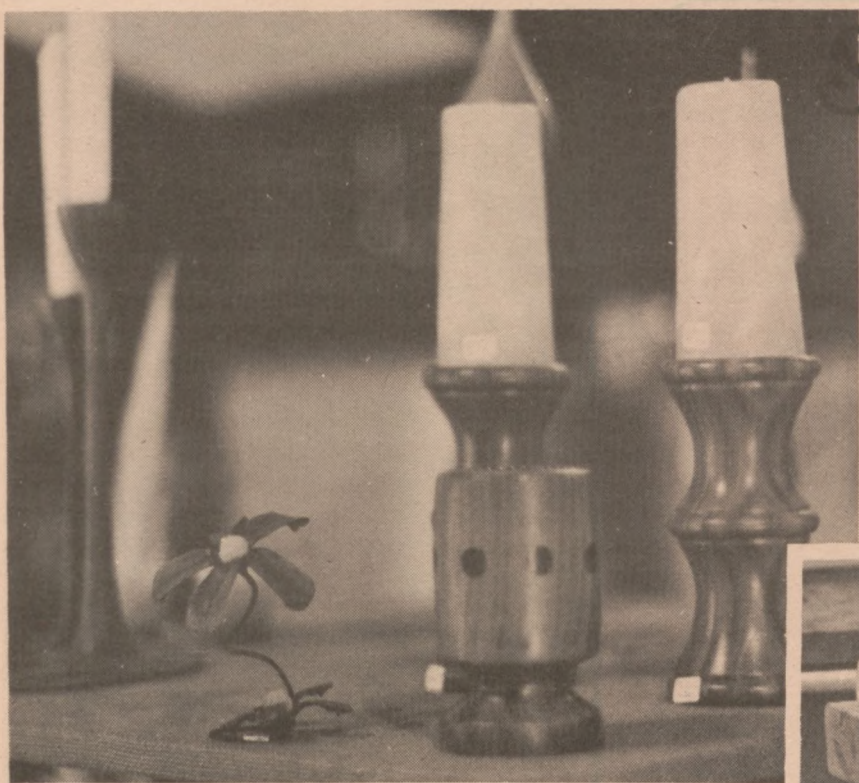
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Sparkleberry



standpoint of spectator or creator, can meet to discuss the crafts and to enjoy himself or herself.

The place has such a Waldenesque feel about it that one can't help but think of Roof as a modern-day Thoreau. Of course, it's easy to find people who express interest in the simpler, more basic joys of life, and who appreciate the ability to create with one's hands. It is an altogether different matter to find someone who has the opportunity and the energy to act on that philosophy, though. Perhaps that is what makes Larry Roof unique.

There is no reason yet to believe that the ideas Roof has for Sparkleberry won't come to fruition, either. In a little more than three years since the idea was conceived, the concept has expanded into a home studio and a workshop -- all built and equipped, Roof estimates, for about \$12,000. And that's not including any shortcuts, either.

The Roofs' residence was begun just over three years ago, while Larry was teaching at Lexington High and Phyllis was teaching at Lexington Intermediate School. The house, a tall structure with a rustic motif, is still to be finished. It is a bright-looking home, with angled walls joining in a high roof and plenty of windows. A three-bedroom structure with 1,200 feet of living space, it has cost between \$6,000 and \$7,000 so far, Roof guessed. It could have been built for even less, he noted.

Roof said that the display studio and adjoining workshop were constructed at a cost of about \$5,000, including equipment. Why did the Roofs build the facilities themselves? Cost and design were factors. Not only would the buildings have cost much, much more if done by a contractor, Roof explained -- it would have been impossible to have had them constructed to his personal specifications by someone else.

Building his own home was Roof's solution to the zooming cost of housing -- a situation he called drastic. While others may be interested in building their own homes, he admitted, it's not the answer to the critical national housing shortage. Not everyone has the time, the skills or the energy to build a house. But, just in case anyone's interested, the young architect is willing to lend a hand.

He has already held two short home building courses at Sparkleberry, consisting of two

sessions each, lasting five to six hours. "I wasn't trying to whet their appetites," he contended. "I was just saying, this is what I know about building a house, now you decide if you want to do this."

Apparent interest in the home building courses declined when the gas shortage worsened, Roof said, and the courses were temporarily discontinued. But Roof's interest in providing a means of getting a house at a reasonable cost hasn't abated one bit. In fact, home building is probably the long-range project at Sparkleberry.

When Roof gets started talking about housing, it's hard to get him to stop. And though he doesn't admit to being a disciple of Henry David Thoreau, as far as housing goes he follows the ideas of that great American philosopher almost to the letter. "It's the one financial responsibility that locks people in," he contends. "It's the main financial responsibility that causes people to go to that job they hate, year after year after year. It is one of the great absurdities of our culture," he says emphatically.

What he intends to do about it, he says, is to hopefully set up a non-profit corporation at Sparkleberry that will give assistance to anyone who wants to build a home. It won't be a big corporation -- legally the board of directors must include only three people, he explained -- but it will be concerned with "reasonable" housing.

But the housing part of Roof's plans will have to wait a while. It will take some time to get non-profit tax status, he noted; that will have to wait until the theatre is opened up. The theatre would fulfill one of the legal requirements for NPC status.

What theatre, you say? Well, to be specific there will be two theatres: an outdoor amphitheatre, to be used mainly for entertaining at folk fairs, lectures and other events; and a "production studio".

The amphitheatre, "like everything done here, is meant to be done on a human scale," Roof says. To him, that means a seating capacity of about 125 people. The outdoor theatre will be used mostly for the annual Folk Fair that is in the planning stages. The amphitheatre should be ready by the time of the October 1975 Folk Fair, he said. In keeping with the theme of the fairs, presentations in the amphitheatre

will probably be based on folk stories and legends.

On the other hand, the production studio will be used to explore more contemporary art forms, Roof said. "Our aim will be finding the new performing arts forms of this century which films, TV, music, etc., have made possible but which haven't been thoroughly explored," he remarked.

Live theatre is "drying up," added the former dramatic arts student, despite the claims of "theatre people" to the contrary. He said rock musician Alice Cooper "is the only theatre around -- and he's lousy theatre.... But there's no doubt that he has taken all the powerful dynamic elements of live theatre and put them together."

Roof said his tastes in modern drama lean more toward the likes of Edward Albee and similar dramatists.

The upcoming annual Folk Fair, planned for the first and second Saturdays in October, 1974, will be Sparkleberry's first big "event." Roof conceives of it as a chance for artists and

craftsmen to get together with the public in a "demonstration type fair," with entertainment and music also planned. He said several folk musicians have already agreed to perform, on instruments such as recorders and guitars. He said he also hopes to have puppet shows "especially written to deal with folk things," such as the Johnny Appleseed legend.

Roof said considerable interest has been shown in having a pie baking contest, and noted that such a traditional competition would enhance the "fair atmosphere." But the big drawback at this point is the lack of an oven.

A bakery is planned for Sparkleberry as soon as someone will contribute the time and money to build it, Roof said. "We don't want to have to do it all. We just want to offer the land, and hopefully someone will take advantage and build the oven." When the bakery is completed, Roof said, he plans to have two kinds of bread available. Organic bread would be given out free at the Folk Fairs and exhibitions to

attract visitors. And a "super high nutrition bread" would also be baked, which he said he would like to sell for the same cost as the "production bread" one buys in any food store.

Roof's idea for future buildings and events at Sparkleberry is to let local artists use the land at Sparkleberry, and allow them to build their own shops, operate them and sell their products.

If there is any one principle which holds together the concept of Sparkleberry, it is keeping everything on a "human scale" and not exploiting anyone, Roof says. The goal of Sparkleberry is not to make money or to grow just for the sake of growth. The idea, he said, "is to bring forth people."

There are a lot of people interested in the kinds of things Sparkleberry will offer, Roof feels, and in about three years "you'll begin to see people doing things here," he hopes. "The land's here...the whole idea's here. We're just looking for someone to take off with it."

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Inside S.C. prisons



The Retrain

SECOND IN A THREE PART SERIES

by DAVID BRUCK

On October 9, 1972, a young black prisoner and "employee" of the huge laundry plant at the Manning Correctional Institute named Clifford Whaley asked his supervisors for permission not to work overtime that night, explaining that he needed the time for a correspondence course he was taking. When they refused to let him off, Whaley said he wasn't going to work the overtime anyway. For "refusing to work," he was taken before an Adjustment Committee, sentenced to 1-15 days' "punitive segregation" and 30 days' "administrative segregation," and transported to the Maximum Retraining Detention Center in Columbia.

Clifford Whaley was 21 years old when he made that trip to Columbia. He'd been born in Charleston, sent to Vietnam with the Marines, wounded twice and sent home, arrested and charged with holding up a cab driver for \$30, and sentenced to 15 years. He'd pleaded guilty after his court-appointed lawyer told him that the alternative was a 25-year sentence, but he insists he's innocent. His co-defendant now swears that he was coerced into identifying Whaley as his accomplice. In any event, Whaley was sent off to Manning to start serving his time. And from there, for refusing to work overtime, he went to MDRC for what was supposed to be a month or so of punishment, or "retraining" as they say in prisonese. It's now more than a year and a half later and Clifford Whaley is still in MDRC

The Department of Correction's Maximum Detention Retraining Center in Columbia has been in the news recently because of a series of escape attempts, and the subsequent resignation of the warden. Like most newspaper and TV stories on the state prisons in South Carolina, the news media got their information on these escapes through the Department of Corrections' full-time public relations director, and so what got out didn't include too much information about exactly what it was that the prisoners were trying to escape from. From the WIS-TV report on the most recent (April 15) escape, you could learn that MDRC houses prisoners who have broken the rules while at other state prisons. And the *State* newspaper reported that, according to the Department's PR man, the place was more crowded than it ought to be. There is, however, more to the story than that.

The Maximum Detention Retraining Center is a twenty-year old brick building tucked away in the northeastern corner of the Central

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Training of Clifford Whaley

Correctional Institute. Although it is on the CCI grounds, it is a separate institution of the Department of Corrections, with its own staff and its own warden. It can hold more than 120 men at a time, and is usually nearly full.

The "retraining" which MDRC offers can last anywhere from a month or two to several years—one man I met there did seven years at one stretch. It consists, for most of the prisoners there, of being locked in a cell with one other man, twenty-four hours a day.

Each prisoner gets to go out into the yard for an hour of exercise once every week or ten days. Showers are two or three times a week, five minutes each time. There's a small room in the basement with some weight-lifting equipment, so each inmate who wants to can spend an hour there once every few weeks. Several inmates get out of their cells to bring the food trays around to the others and to do other chores. Apart from that, the prisoners of MDRC stay locked up in their cells, day after day and week after week.

Those cells are about six feet across and ten feet deep, which is about the size of a bathroom in most people's houses, or a fair-sized closet. Two bunk beds take up nearly half of the space in each cell. At the back is a toilet and a sink. There is nowhere to sit down except crouching on the bottom bed or on the toilet which has no seat or cover. The front of the cell consists of steel bars, and the whole cell can be seen at any time by anyone walking by.

These cells and the men locked inside them are all contained in one large room which comprises most of MDRC. Along the walls are tall factory-style windows two stories high. Like a ship in a museum, the long, narrow cell-block stands in the center of this room: three tiers of cells facing the south wall, three facing the north wall.

To pass the time, the prisoners of MDRC are allowed to talk, read listen to the radio, eat, sleep, or look out the windows of the wall opposite the cell block. The men on the south side have a view of CCI; some trees can be seen on the north side, and through them, the cars on I-26 coming in and out of Columbia.

There appears to be some disagreement among Department of Corrections officials as to the reason for keeping people locked up like this. Director William Leeke tells concerned outside groups that MDRC is for dangerous inmates who are a threat to the safety of other prisoners. "With some exceptions," he explained recently,

"the people in these are there for violent, aggressive acts."

But when I asked Warden David L. Bartles at MDRC to estimate how many of his prisoners he considered "dangerous," his answer was, "About a half-a-dozen at most." The men in MDRC are there for a great variety of reasons, ranging from assault and attempted escape to possession of an ounce of marijuana, disobedience to a guard, making moonshine, and so on. Many of the crimes that can land a man in MDRC aren't even crimes at all anywhere except in prison—refusing to work, verbal disrespect to a guard, possession of U.S. currency (instead of the plastic money issued by the Department of Corrections).

And many of the prisoners of MDRC may not even be guilty of these offenses. A former guard at MDRC who I'll call Officer J told me privately that he thought that as many as three quarters of the men sent there were "bum-rapped." This man, a retired Army sergeant who worked at MDRC from 1969 to 1971, insisted that officials frequently plant contraband on inmates, generally

in the procedures that land MDRC's prisoners there, but unlike Leeke, he made no attempt when I talked to him to justify the institution in terms of any need to restrain "violent, aggressive" inmates. To Bartles, MDRC simply "isolates the rule-breakers."

"I think to a degree," he told me, "that it serves to make a man have second thoughts before he breaks the rule again. Now I know that sounds punitive, and maybe it is..."

To help him cultivate his second thoughts, a man's term at MDRC often begins with a week or two in punitive segregation—"the hole." The punitive segregation cells are located along a corridor underneath the main cell-block. In addition to the regular barred door, each of these cells has a second door of solid steel plate, with a small peephole cut into it for the guards to peer in through. Inside, the prisoner is kept completely isolated, and denied "privileges" such as cigarettes, radios, or books.

This is where Clifford Whaley was taken that day in October a year and a half ago. He was kept

"...A man gets frustrated with everything when he's locked up like this all the time. After being in here a while people start acting like children..."

--Clifford Whaley

in the course of protecting illegal operations of their own. He also recalled instances where inmates were sent to MDRC for possession of such "contraband" as an extra hamburger or a jar of milk smuggled out of the mess-hall. And he cited the case of Lee Timmerman, who has been in MDRC ever since he was badly beaten by several guards last summer (see Osceola, No. 23). "I think," the former guard told me two weeks ago, "that if truly disinterested people went down there—judges, lawyers, like that—and if they looked over the records and talked to the men, I'd say that 70 percent of them would be let out."

Warden Bartles seemed a little more confident

there for 15 days, and then taken upstairs to one of the cells in the main cellblock, where he stayed locked up for another month. Whether he'd changed his mind about working extra hours at the laundry won't ever be known, because at the end of his time at MDRC he was transferred to the general population at CCI instead of back to Manning.

His reputation as some sort of a troublemaker must have preceded him at CCI, because when he got there the Chief of Security warned him that if he tried "to start any trouble or join any kind of organization," he could expect to get sent back to MDRC, and this time he'd never get out.

A few weeks later he was back at MDRC. His

...Inside MDRC the prisoner is denied 'privileges' such as cigarettes, radios, or books...

(continued from page eleven)

offense was an argument with a guard who'd ordered him to tuck in his shirttail and take off his hat in the mess hall. As a crowd gathered, Whaley accused the guard of being involved in smuggling contraband into the prison. The guard (who was in fact later indicted by the Richland County grand jury for dealing in contraband) got mad enough at Whaley to bring charges against him for refusing a direct order. The Adjustment Committee gave him 1-15 days in the hole, and six more months "on the shelf" in MDRC. And sure enough, he never got out of MDRC after that.

In April 1973 he was written up for fighting while he and several other inmates were being let out of their cells for a walk. According to the prison records a number of prisoners were involved, but only Whaley was punished: another six months in MDRC. A month later a guard accused him of disrespect, cursing and refusing a direct order. The guard wasn't present at the Adjustment Committee hearing, and so Whaley refused to say anything. He was given the maximum: another nine months, and one-to-fifteen days in the hole.

If Clifford Whaley is starting to have any "second thoughts," they aren't apparent yet. He is an intelligent, self-confident young man who tells his story quietly, with the gentle irony of a man who is perfectly sure that he's right. He still maintains that he's not guilty of the crime that got him sent to prison. He had no record of any kind before his conviction, and he credits his long sentence to the color of his skin. His ten-cent-an-hour job at Manning was slave labor in his eyes, and the long series of punishments that he's received since appear to him as the harassment of a system which can't tolerate anyone who refuses to "adjust" to injustice.

So instead of second thoughts, MDRC has produced an organizer in Clifford Whaley. Last summer and fall he circulated a petition calling for the removal of an unpopular guard, and he drew up and presented to the warden a long list of inmate grievances concerning conditions at MDRC. The charges against him continued: at the beginning of October, the guard who'd been the target of Whaley's petition accused him of making threats, cursing and disrespect. The charges were dropped.

Then just before Christmas, Whaley got into an argument with an officer in the cellblock, and was sent down to the hole. The guard claimed that Whaley insulted him, and threatened him with a couple of ballpoint pens. In the hole, Whaley told me, he was left handcuffed for seven days. He had no clothes and no mattress. On Christmas Day he refused to hand back his food tray until they started treating him a little better. Several officers came down to the door of his cell and one of them asked him again for the tray. When he refused the officer took a tear gas gun from behind his back and sprayed Whaley in the face. Then the officers left and waited for the gas to clear.

When Whaley finally came before the Adjustment Committee two days after Christmas, most of the charges which had got him sent to the hole in the first place were dropped. The record of his hearing shows that he was convicted of telling the guard that he had "the brains of a monkey." For that he was given another six months in MDRC.

The gas that is used on "unruly" inmates like Clifford Whaley is CN tear gas. Two months ago five inmates managed to escape over the wall by throwing a cannister of gas into a guard tower. According to Warden Bartles, the gas used in this incident is the same type used on inmates inside MDRC. When the cannister went off inside the guard tower that day, the guard was in such a hurry to get out that he jumped to the ground, breaking his leg. The tower shack into which the gas was thrown is about twice the size and better

ventilated than a cell inside MDRC. The prisoners, of course, are in no danger of jumping and breaking their legs when they're gassed in their cells, because their cell doors are locked.

Other prisoners told me that the use of gas inside locked cells like this was not uncommon. One man told of being gassed recently when he stopped up his toilet in an effort to get medical attention for an ear condition.

According to Officer J (who asked that his name not be used for fear of repercussions at his present job), most of the gassing of inmates goes on in the "hole," where the solid steel doors help keep the gas where it's supposed to be. While he worked at MDRC, he said, men were gassed for complaining during the night that they were sick and needed to see a doctor, or for trying to communicate with prisoners upstairs in the cellblock by shouting through the air vents. The usual technique, as he described it, was similar to what Whaley said was done to him: the warden comes down to see what all the disturbance is, perhaps says a few words to the inmate, fires a dose of gas into the cell, and leaves.

I asked the guard what it was like to be gassed like that. "Well," he said, "I've had to go in and bring people out after they were gassed, maybe 20 minutes after, and that was hell." A prisoner who'd been gassed in his cell described it like this: "Can you imagine what it would feel like to have flames inside your lungs? Well, that's what it's like."

Clifford Whaley probably isn't a typical inmate. Right now he's allowed to get out of his cell each day to work in the building, perhaps relieving a little of the pressure of constant confinement. He seems brighter and more articulate than most other prisoners -- and most other people outside of prison for that matter -- and he gives an impression of deliberateness and self-discipline. Whether MDRC has had other effects on him, I can't say. He told me he thought that he'd become more bitter and quicker to get angry during the long months that he'd been locked up there. "They say that I'm violent. Now why would I not be violent in society and then come here and be violent as hell? This place must have made me violent."

"A man gets frustrated with everything when he's locked like this all the time. The whole objective of this building is to destroy a man's mind. After being in here a while people start acting like children."

One afternoon another man who'd been locked up for nearly four years was trying to describe life in MDRC. As we talked, a weird howling sound started echoing through the cellblock. It was the sound of several men's voices, yelling a single syllable from somewhere in the steel and concrete expanse overhead. "You see what I'm talking about?" the prisoner said with a faint smile. "They're shouting 'WALK, WALK!' They want to get out for their walk. That's what this place does to a man. It cuts him off from everything, and after a while he gets obsessed with little things that aren't even important. And usually he can't even see what it's doing to him. He can't even see how he's changing. So how's he supposed to help himself?"

He was speaking so quietly that I had to lean forward to hear him. "I've never seen anybody rehabilitated here. There's nothing here but despair."

The man who said this has 30 years to go. Since he's been in prison he's been convicted of attacking other inmates, and faces more charges. If things keep going the way they have been, he'll never get out of MDRC.

MDRC has seen several wardens come and go during the last few years. In charge until 1972 a hardline disciplinarian named Jim Willis: under Willis' control, MDRC developed a reputation among state prisoners as a place where anyone who stepped out of line could expect some pretty

unsentimental treatment from the warden. There seems to be very few long-term prisoners at CCI who don't have stories to tell about gassings and beatings in the hole in MDRC under Willis' supervision. One prisoner described the beating of a particularly "troublesome" inmate who had been causing a disturbance last one night several years ago.

When they took him out of his cell they already had the handcuffs on him, behind his back. We could hear them beating him down the stairs to the hole. And when they had him down there we could still hear them beating on him through the vents. Every time that club landed it sounded like someone throwing a tomato at a wall. And we could still hear C-----, he was saying, in a real low voice, kind of croaking, "Kill me, you m-----r..."

Officer J had similar recollections of what had gone on at MDRC under Willis' tenure as warden. He said that particular inmates were kept in punitive segregation for long periods of time through the use of planted contraband: the inmate would be taken to the warden's office for an "interview," and while he was out of his cell a guard would place scraps of metal or some other contraband in his cell, to be "discovered" later. He said that he saw this done to a single inmate "four or five times" within one three-month period. He also described another type of "interview" in the warden's office:

He'd call a man in the office and send everybody else out so there won't be no witnesses. When you get outside you can hear the inmate slamming up against the wall. Usually the inmate won't dare fight back, with all the officers standing just outside. Then when it's over the warden tells the officers that the inmate jumped him, something like that...

The guard said that this sort of treatment wasn't dished out randomly, but was reserved for inmates who seemed to pose some sort of threat to the warden's authority. The beatings were a way for the officials there "to throw their weight around, show their authority..."

There appears to have been a decrease in this sort of thing when Willis was replaced as Warden two years ago. His successor was a young professional with a background in criminology named David Catoe; while no inmates I talked to remembered him with any particular fondness, most of them agreed that he didn't share Willis' passion for brutality.

Catoe in turn was replaced late last winter by David Bartles, a Department career man with a reputation as a progressive type. Bartles' first weeks as warden were marked by disaster: in early March a single inmate overpowered a guard and nearly managed to take over the entire institution, and just a few days afterward, five inmates took hostages and managed to get over the wall with the help of a tear gas grenade that had been obtained during the first incident. Bartles had come to MDRC with hopeful plans for reform, but these two incidents appear to have unnerved him somewhat. When I talked with him in April, he appeared harried and a little confused by the atmosphere of desperation all around him. He said that he'd found the prisoners at MDRC to be harder to handle than the ones he'd been in charge of at other institutions. They made too many unreasonable demands. He hadn't given up on trying to devise a new "retraining" program for the prisoners, though. He said that this program would be based on something like transcendental meditation. He'd apparently been sold on this idea by someone who had conducted "self-awareness" classes. I asked him who this was, but he said that he didn't want to tell me his name.

Warden Bartles never did get a chance to try out his self-awareness program, because a few days after our talk, three more inmates seized guards as hostages and escaped over the wall. Bartles resigned immediately, and was replaced temporarily by a six-man committee made up mainly of veteran officers intent on tightening security.



A view of CCI

PHOTO BY KEN STURGEON, S.C. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

...If there's a way to run this sort of institution without relying on fear and violence, the South Carolina Department of Corrections hasn't found it yet...

Another result of that escape is that Director Leeke has begun to re-emphasize the Department's policy against giving in to inmates who are holding hostages. What this means in practical terms is that if guards are taken as hostage again as they were last month, they stand a good chance of being injured or killed along with the inmates holding them.

Six guards quit working at MDRC shortly after the most recent escape, and the staff has been beefed up with tough, experienced officers from other institutions. What sort of appeal this particular assignment has for these guards can only be guessed at.

And so desperation on the prisoners' side is being matched by a growing fear on the guards' side. "The inmates in there would kill you as soon as look at you," one newly-assigned guard told me three weeks ago as we walked through the CCI grounds away from MDRC. He'd been at his new job for one afternoon.

This fear appears to be bringing a return to the old methods of discipline. In the last month there have been several reports of renewed gassings and beatings of inmates. *Osceola* has obtained a

written statement describing a beating that was reportedly administered on April 26 to a cell-mate of one of the prisoners who escaped several days earlier. The two prisoners who wrote this statement said that from their cell they could see the man taken handcuffed from his cell and beaten on the floor of the cellblock. Several witnesses reported that the inmate was badly cut on the head. Two weeks later there was another report of an unprovoked attack by guards on two inmates, one of whom has been pressing a lawsuit against the Department. *Osceola* has learned that the FBI is now investigating this latest incident as a possible violation of the 1871 Civil Rights Act.

Investigations and public exposure may help to curb a renewed wave of beatings at MDRC. One guard there complained privately not long ago that the few civilians around the institution now are making it harder for the officers to really crack down and "put the fear of God" back into the prisoners.

But there's something more basic about MDRC that isn't going to be solved by a little publicity or an investigation that pins the blame on one or two guards.

MDRC is a place for men who are beginning to give up hope. Men who have been caught up in the strange web of prison discipline, who see their chances for parole slipping away, who are accumulating more and more years to serve. Men who eventually must begin to get the feeling that they've been buried alive. People in this situation are going to do desperate things. And when they do—as nine of them did this spring—their keepers are going to respond with stricter security, and eventually, as the ante keeps going up, with terror.

If there's a way to run this sort of institution without relying on fear and violence, the South Carolina Department of Corrections hasn't found it yet. But Department officials insist that they need a maximum security lock-up like MDRC. The present institution is expected to continue in use at least until 1980, even while the rest of the CCI complex is phased out with the construction of new facilities. And when MDRC is finally gone, there will be at least three maximum security prisons to replace it. So this story isn't over yet.

Next week: the future of prison reform in South Carolina.

Cheap Shots

continued from page 3

told *Osceola* this week that such an action is taken after the corporation is given 90 days to correct the situation. "If the corporation has been dissolved by forfeiture," Sauls said, "then the corporation is non-existent. Once that charter has been cancelled, the corporation becomes an individual enterprise or partnership. They no longer enjoy a corporate status." Sauls indicated that any former corporation business which individuals continued to carry on and any liabilities incurred from the carrying out of such business would be of a personal or partnership nature.

After being told of the dissolution of the corporation, a Justice Department official commented that the non-existence of the Channel Development Corp. might explain the hurried whisperings in the courtroom.

If the corporation is in fact non-existent, legal sources say, then Permenter and any partners he might have in the venture would be personally liable in the event some action is taken by the Court against the developers.

No one seems sure what such an action might entail. Environmentalists have speculated that a federal court at some point in the future might force a developer to pay monetary damages for destroyed marshlands, using the figure recently established by marine scientists as the value of one acre of salt marsh — \$83,000. The environmentalists point out that developers might think twice about casually dredging and filling marshland at that price.

Pressure from environmentalists finally produced governmental activity in this area. With the Justice Department initiating a new program to detect and prosecute coastal despoilers and with a state tidelands protection bill now pending in the S.C. Senate, developers may be giving up the concept of "reclaiming"

the tidal lands. They are already exhibiting their own form of concern. Just last week, Phil Permenter told the *Grand Strand Journal American* that he really didn't have any plans for the land he was creating by dredging up the marsh. "I'm just making the land now," he said, "before they pass laws stopping this kind of work for good."

Sen. Stevens' real motives

Observers at Monday's hearing before Judge Blatt were surprised to see Senator James Stevens (D-Horry) and North Myrtle Beach mayor Bryan Floyd sitting with officials and attorneys of the Channel Development Corporation. As previously reported here (May 10 edition), Stevens and Floyd are officers and stockholders of the Sandy Island Development Corporation which is under investigation by the Justice Department and HUD's Division of Interstate Land Sales Registration for possible violations of federal law. So far as is known, Stevens and Floyd have

no direct interest in the Channel Development Corporation case. The pair indicated to parties present that they were in Charleston on other business.

Several new developments have occurred this week involving the Sandy Island situation. Jack Marshall, assistant U.S. attorney in Columbia, told us that his office is moving for a preliminary injunction against the developers to halt dredge and fill operations in the developers' "Paradise Point" subdivision, currently being constructed in a tidal area on the point of Sandy Island in Georgetown County.

Osceola has also been told by reliable sources that the Sandy Island Development Corporation has filed suit against the Charleston District Corps of Engineers in an attempt to obtain a permit to remove the disputed earthen plug which separates the Paradise Point channel development from a nearby creek and river system (see *Osceola*, May 10 for a complete report on this situation.) A phone call to the federal clerk of court in Charleston failed to confirm the suit. An official in the clerk's office told us that if the suit had been filed within the past few days, "we can't release any information about it." The official said she would check on the matter. A second call produced the flat statement, "I can't tell you a thing about that; I'm sorry."

We also re-contacted the Division of Land Sales Registration of the Office of Housing and Urban Development. As reported in the May 10 story, officials of the division stated that the Sandy Island developers may have violated federal interstate land sales regulations. This week, Rexford Glapsey, an enforcement official with the Division, said that a letter had been drafted informing the corporation of the allegations, and that his office would continue to investigate the matter.

After being informed of the pending suit against the Sandy Island developers by the Justice Department, Glapsey said that any sales of lots in the development would be voidable in the event the developers lost the suit and were unable to complete the development. (According to David Sloan, a Myrtle Beach realtor who handled the sale of lots at Paradise Point, all 800-plus lots in the subdivision have been sold.)

"The sales would be voidable due to misrepresentation," Glapsey said. "We would require the developer to notify purchasers that they have the right to void contracts." Glapsey said that his division "is not a collection agency" and that if property owners were forced to sue to recover their money, they would have to do so on their own. "Of course, we could bring criminal action against the officers of the corporation, but that would not

help these individuals recover their investment," Glapsey said.

Glapsey also pointed out that in the event the Justice Department was successful in its efforts to halt the development, the corporation could very easily be forced into bankruptcy. In such a case, he said, the purchasers of the speculative lots in Paradise Point may have difficulty recovering their investment. "There's no question that the buyers would be in trouble," he said. "If the corporation goes bankrupt, the creditors will be first in line so far as recovery of money is concerned."

Indications are that the Sandy Island developers are already in financial trouble. According to various courthouse records, the developers have borrowed over \$300,000, some of which has been repaid through the sale of lots in the subdivision. During a recent speech on the Senate floor, Senator Stevens stated that he would drop his objections to the tidelands bill "when somebody gives us back our \$330,000 we've invested at Sandy Island."

That was, incidentally, quite an uncommon admission for a South Carolina politician: confessing that his real objection to the controversial tidelands legislation stems not from his hallowed respect for apple pie and "private property rights," but from an ordinary dose of that great common denominator, one's own self interest.

Letters

To the editors:

On reading Norton and Cooper's well researched article on the rape of Sandy Island, it becomes abundantly clear why Sen. Stevens is violently opposed to ethics legislation and the Scenic Rivers Bill. The latter, not because he's concerned for other people's recreation, but because he could not bulldoze all riverfront property and develop it into sites for the American dream: a mobile home on the river. As for the ethics legislation Stevens would be embarrassed if his poor constituents knew his net worth.

He could no longer assume the mantle of "po' boy" of the state senate, and he just might be out of office next time around.

Were the Ethics Bill to pass, it would be revealed how much Stevens net worth has increased since he has been destroying scenic rivers in Horry and Georgetown Counties. Realizing Georgetownians might frown on destruction of the environment of Sandy Island, Sen. Stevens had Horry removed from its natural place in a district with Georgetown and placed with Florence et al, where he is known

only by his seniority. Stevens' vote in Horry and Georgetown had been slipping in the last few elections, but with his new combination he again draws a good vote, except in his home county.

It is amusing that these two bills, both fine proposals and both introduced by Sen. Wise, have Stevens in such a state. I am delighted, but realize Stevens will probably quash the bills and Wise, unfortunately. Probably under the proposed ethics law Stevens would not be allowed to vote on the Scenic Rivers Bill as it would be a conflict of interest. No legislator should be allowed to vote where there is the slightest conflict. However, with the present membership to the House and Senate half the members would never be allowed even to answer roll call.

Oh, one more thing, since I am an employee of Horry County, at least at this writing I am, I trust you not print my name or address. Were you to do so everybody in my building would

be on the street tomorrow.

Name withheld by request

To the editors:

South Carolina is becoming a radioactive graveyard for the world. The deadly high-level radioactive fission garbage will probably remain in South Carolina for thousands of years.

The advocates for nuclear fission power plants are ignoring and concealing the developing uranium shortage. The U.S.A. in the years ahead will have to acquire much of the uranium for N-Plant Fuel from foreign sources at increased costs. Uranium is another limited, non-renewable resource. Remember the Middle East oil embargo.

The Charlotte Observer reported on March 31, 1974 that Charles D. "Pug" Ravenel "favors stepping up the state's campaign to attract the nuclear power industry..."

Where do the other candidates stand on this issue?

William R. Moore
72 Juarez Court
Columbia, S.C. 29206

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Is No Better Off Than
The Man Who Cannot"

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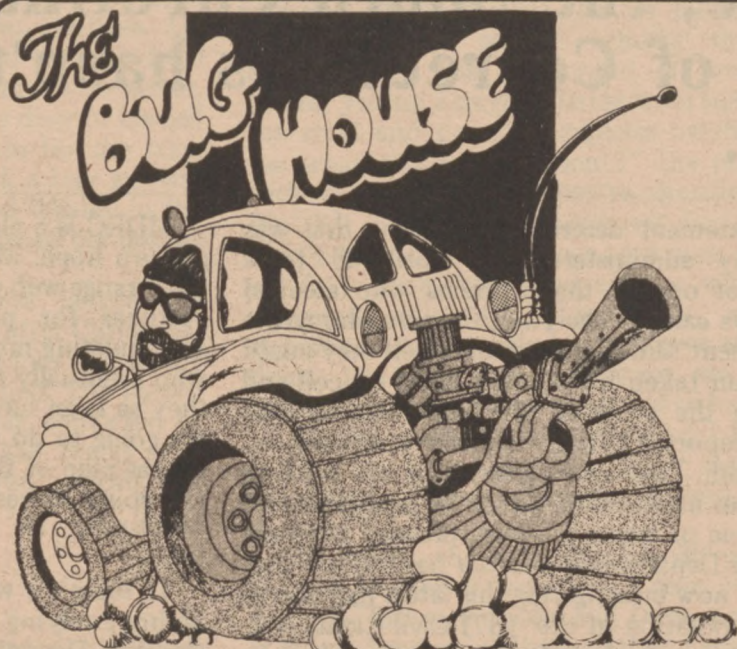
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Music/Mott The Hoople

An outstanding concert

MOTT THE HOOPLE
in concert (May 16)
at Charleston

Municipal Auditorium

Quick! Name the best rock n' roll band in the world.

No, it's not the Rolling Stones or the Who...it's Mott the Hoople, and not one of the 5,000 persons who witnessed their performance last week at Charleston Municipal Auditorium will ever argue the point.

After reciting the opening lines to Don McLean's "American Pie", Mott broke into "The Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll" and from then, until the last echoes from Ariel Bender's guitar faded into oblivion, the entire crowd was on its feet and in a state of frenzy and delight.

Now you may ask, who or what is Mott the Hoople? Up until 1972, when "All the Young Dudes" (produced by David Bowie) was released, Mott was just another folk-rock aggregation occupying a slot in the lower strain of British rock circles. Bowie's influence has not always been beneficial (his work with Iggy Pop, for example), but in the case of Mott the Hoople the resultant product was impressive.

Mott's previous album, "Brain Capers," had seen the group forsake their "Bob Dylan" complex and begin to explore the hard rock field, and with the addition of Bowie's hand the transformation was completed.

Furthermore, and equally important, vocalist Ian Hunter was projected into the group leadership role and assumed the burden of the songwriting responsibility. In 1973, Mott the Hoople's *Mott* was far and away the best album made in the rock

field. Mott was a blend of introspective songs dealing with the group's musical identity and the fleeting fame of rock stardom ("Ballad of Mott" and "Hymn for the Dudes"), with a few hard-rock numbers added, such as "All the Way From Memphis" and "Drivin' Sister." The lyrics reflected the essence of a long disregarded band now reaching superstar proportions being caught up in a rock'n'roll circus of which they were featured performers. It was a brilliant album in all respects.

Lead guitarist Mick Ralphs departed the group following the completion of *Mott* and there was some concern as to whether this void could be adequately and competently filled. Their latest release, *The Hoople*, and their recent performances indicate that the group is stronger than at any point in their existence. Two factors can be cited: Ariel Bender, known as Luther Grosvenor in his years with Spooky Tooth, is a better rock guitarist, though lacking Ralphs' songwriting ability; and Ian Hunter has emerged as one of rock's superstars. If anything, *The Hoople* is even better than *Mott*.

In a concert setting, one mark

of a supergroup is a stage presence which electrifies the crowd and energizes the surrounding environment. That was the feeling even before Mott played their first chord or the first verse was sung. One could sense that there was something special about to happen. For a period of one hour Mott the Hoople rewarded the audience's anticipation with a brand of high-voltage rock that never let up for a moment. The performance was relatively short in duration, but the energy expended by both the performers and the crowd left all drained from the experience.

Theatrics were employed to a degree (smoke, taped sound effects, and animated dummies) but the stage mannerisms of Hunter, Bender, and bassist Overend Watts were particularly impressive; this trio is capable of taking an audience and molding them in such a way that they are in command in every sense. All eyes were riveted to the stage, lest something be missed.

Ian Hunter is deservedly the center of attention and he grasps the spotlight. He has an enlightened perspective on the music industry, directly

attributable to Mott's long struggle for success, and this insight is reflected in his arrangements. He knows what rock'n'roll is all about and he is capable of conveying it.

In their Charleston concert, Mott the Hoople relied on material mainly from their last two albums, with a trio of songs from their *All the Young Dudes* release. Highlights were the renditions of "All the Way from Memphis," "Drivin' Sister," "The Golden Age of Rock'n'Roll" and "One of the Boys," all up-tempo numbers performed as

if this was the first stop on a concert tour rather than a midpoint. "Crash Street Kids" and the companion piece "Violence" were intertwined expertly and "Marionette," from *The Hoople* album, was well performed.

There were no bad aspects of the show and the musicianship was of a high quality throughout. Charleston was fortunate in having been selected for an appearance by Mott the Hoople. It was an outstanding concert.

—Tim Driggers

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Cinema/"Thieves Like Us"

Altman's newest vision

THIEVES LIKE US
directed by Robert Altman
starring Shelley Duvall and
Keith Carradine
completed run at the Dutch
Square North Theatre

Robert Altman has the financially unfortunate distinction of being known in the trade as an American "art film director." The director of *M*A*S*H*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Brewster McCloud* and *The Long Goodbye* laments in an interview with Boston's *Real Paper* that "the only big money maker I had was *M*A*S*H*, which makes it harder and harder each time I go in to make a movie... It's difficult-especially now, when really bad pictures are making money. But in another sense I've been lucky. Producers still think I can come up with another *M*A*S*H*."

Altman hopes *Thieves Like Us* will be to the gangster film what *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* was to the western. In *McCabe* he attempted to honestly examine the raw and unromanticized Old West. He picked up a few of Hollywood's stock Western characters-the handsome gambler (Warren Beatty), the tough, beautiful madam (Julie Christie)- but did not try to make them conform to the established Western conventions. Instead, Christie is a behind-the-scenes drug addict who quietly enjoys her solitary pipe by night and by day manages her bawdy house in a profitable, efficient, no-nonsense manner. She and Beatty can never quite get it together sexually and poor Beatty finally dies unnoticed under a blanket of snow in a hopeless, frustrating gunfight the likes of which John Wayne would never even consider. But surely

this must be a far truer to the ugly, harsh life of the Western frontiersman than the thoroughly romanticized, melodramatic horse operas that Hollywood made a bundle on in the thirties and forties.

Altman thinks of *Thieves Like Us* as the "son of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. I thought it was a real look at the society 30 years from then, the way it developed with free enterprise. I thought *Thieves Like Us* was a great document on America at that time. It was just the beginning of communications, radio was just coming into its own. Advertising was coming in. People were starting to behave the way they were told to behave and yet there was no way out from poverty for those people who were poor and uneducated." (A note on this: a historian friend of mine who is also a very adept movie critic asserts that movies are much more likely to be documents of the time in which they are made than the time which they try to depict. This is interesting to ponder as we regard the frustrating lives of Altman's characters who seem doomed to eventual defeat at the hands of the authorities.)

Though the gangster movie, like the Western, was going strong in the thirties and forties, with *Bonnie and Clyde* came renewed interest in the outlaws of depression days. Bank robbers again became heroic, romantic, misunderstood and now also beautiful people. Altman's gangster film, *Thieves Like Us* tells the story of three escaped Mississippi convicts aged 23, 35 and 43, who wander through the Mississippi countryside much as *Bonnie and Clyde* wandered through Kansas, robbing thirty-odd banks and immersing themselves in the folk culture of the period-Coke and radio. The kid, Bowie, played by toothy Keith Carradine, falls for a taciturn country girl, Keechie. Marvelously played by equally toothy and cow-eyed Shelley Duvall, Keechie lives over a garage where the escapees hole out. To homely and uneducated Keechie almost any direction would be up. Unlike beautiful and daring Faye Dunaway as *Bonnie*, Keechie seems highly authentic, honest and natural in her role.

Though some people have remarked on Bowie's natural savvy and audacious cunning, his unsophisticated naivete is just as obvious. His jokes are often so silly that even Keechie can only respond with a disgusted, "Aw, Bowie. That's just dumb." It is



Shelly Duvall and Louise Fletcher in "Thieves"

here perhaps that Altman makes his point on the bleakness of these lives as he aims for the same literal authenticity of *McCabe*, abandoning the romanticized sentimentality of *Bonnie and Clyde* et al. He knows the originals of his characters weren't beautiful. Or happy. Or having fun. (Though most people surely never thought that *Bonnie and Clyde* were very happy or were having much fun, those bank robbers certainly lent an undeniable aura of romance to poverty and criminality.) Altman knows that the people upon whom his fiction is based probably looked more like Duvall than Dunaway and their jokes were no doubt just as bad as Carradine's. And in *Thieves Like Us* the jokes are very bad: "If you can't trust a trusty, who can you trust?" or "What happened to your hair?" "Ah, he was just putting some toilet water on it when the seat fell down on his head." But at these inane lines our "heroes"-Bowie, Chicamaw (John Schuck) and T.W. (Bert Remsen)-laugh hilariously while we have a hard time just dredging up a smile. And the rest of the dialogue is just as tedious and dull with only an occasional clever line emerging out of the swamp of banality. Yet, as with *McCabe*, Altman is not just trying to give his viewers the cinematic cliches which they have come to expect or a bundle of clever, witty remarks with nothing to think about. For when you think about

it, you realize that these Mississippi escapees are unlikely to have the wit of an Oscar Wilde, the dash of an Errol Flynn, the audacity of a James Cagney, or the glamour of a Warren Beatty. The depression outlaws were grubby, poor, uneducated folks who lived in one of America's bleakest periods. As Altman shows them, their jokes stank, their remarks were banal and uninteresting, their observations were often weak and slow, their appearance was usually slovenly, wretched and crude (though when Bowie is in the money he manages to look right natty). The fact that Altman's characters are ultimately appealing has more to do with his gradual development of audience understanding and rapport for his characters than with any intrinsic cleverness or personal attractiveness on their part. And eventually the most unlovely of the lot seems to develop an appealing poignant charm. We can sympathize with Chicamaw's violent jealousy or Lula's meager ambitions.

The opening of the film has the same "look" as *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. The initial misty sequences which appear to have been shot through cheesecloth (and probably were), the silent countryside with the men's voices barely audible in the distance, both suggest a sparse realism that somewhat dissolves later in the film. The natural, music-free sound-track disappears as soon as the convicts doff their prison garb and head into town leaving the silence of the Southern countryside for the blare of period media. Though the tide of the radio nostalgia that inundates the movie is rather heavy-handed, it is usually appropriate and amusing nevertheless. The trio of thieves successfully pulls off a bank robbery as the radio announcer proudly insists that "Gangbusters" always get their man. The irony is two fold, for though the robbers make off unscathed to laugh up their sleeves at the local "Gangbusters," it seems unlikely they'll laugh for very long. It seems much more likely that this particular media myth is a grim prophecy of the

future for Bowie, Chicamaw and T.W.

Bowie and Keechie first make love in a thoroughly unromantic, dingy shack with tacky but wistful sheet music glued on the walls and eggs burning on the wood stove while their radio regales us with highlights from *Romeo and Juliet*. The announcer, accompanied by a squeaky violin, ridiculously yet insistently assures us: "Thus did Romeo and Juliet consummate their first interview, by falling madly in love with each other." Such radio nostalgia forms an ironic counterpoint to the dismal and hopeless reality of their sordid lives. It is overdone almost to the point of losing its effectiveness, though, for the characters almost never seem to turn off their radios.

As everpresent as the ubiquitous radio program is the drink of all America: Coca-Cola. Altman must also regard this as an important symbol of the times. The boys boldly rob a bank as a girl dispenses free Cokes from the back of a truck, Coke ads flank the prison camp sign; and Keechie is never long without a Coke in her hand. Again, like radio nostalgia, the Coke nostalgia almost becomes too much of a good thing. "Coke must have sponsored the movie," my husband finally observed, and indeed, you begin to wonder why there are no ads for Dr. Pepper, Pepsi or R.C.

Some people will no doubt decide that not only Coke and radio but the film itself is overdone and overlong. Here, I would disagree. Long, it is, but somehow its very length helps to establish viewer rapport and sympathy with characters who, if less developed, might remain caricatures of dull, incompetent rednecks. However, through gradual and steady buildup of audience understanding, the paths of even these poor, shallow people eventually begins to emerge. A shorter film might delete such gradual establishment of its simple characters, concentrating instead on the more dramatic scenes of robbery,

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Every cop in the
state was after her.
Everybody else
was behind her.

STARTS
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MAY 24th

GOLDIE HAWN
THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS



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-PG-

PHONE 256-1950

Miracle
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At: 1:10
3:15 5:25
7:35 9:40

ALTMAN...

murder and assorted violence. Altman's pace, though leisurely, is well-suited to both the subject and the era of his film.

Altman uses irony and his remarkable sense of detail for this gradual development of his characters, their relationships with each other and with their society. There are, for example, several family scenes which most convincingly suggest it would be virtually impossible to grow up not trying to grab all you can while you can. As soon as his authoritarian mother's back is turned, mischievous James Mattingly is again defying her by lying, playing with firecrackers, matches and generally doing whatever he knows is forbidden. No one makes a move to stop him. Everyone grins indulgently, thinking, no doubt, "another little

thief like us." Perhaps the most effective in the welter of ironic counterpoints that are scattered throughout the film occurs at the

family dinner table where T.W. reads an account of their last bank robbery to the assembled family members as his sister-in-law, wonderfully played by Louise Fletcher, intersperses his narrative with stern admonitions to James Mattingly on his unacceptable table manners. How exactly is this kid supposed to distinguish between what is proper and acceptable behavior and what is not? Is it improper to eat with your hat on but okay to rob a bank? Is it bad to hold your fork incorrectly but permissible to kill anyone who gets in your way? All that is clear is that the adults around him offer the poor kid the most confused and arbitrary

concepts of morality that can teach him to look out for Number One, and to try to get away with all he can for as long as possible. For one day surely some authority figure will catch him at his devilment and make him take off that hat at the dinner table. Or quit robbing that bank. In another homey family scene, Noel Joy (that's right! and pronounced No-ell Joey) and James Mattingly have the dubious distinction of being the only kids on the block who get to play cops and robbers with real robbers, real guns and real stolen bank money.

The movie, though, is not wholly made up of such comfortable scenes of family life. There are enough robberies, murders, etc., to satisfy the lover of plot and excitement also. My particular favorite among the

film's "dramatic events" is an amazingly audacious springing of one convict by his pal. I won't reveal the details but it's the kind that used to bring the Saturday afternoon native crowd in my hometown to their feet with cheers, as the pathetic old sheriff, helpless with a gun at his temple, can only shake his head moaning, over and over, "This is gonna cost me plenty, boys." But the episode moves from comedy to tragedy and finally takes an Ambrose Biercian turn to end with an ingenious ironic twist.

The final shootout with its exaggerated length, slow motion and a generous dash of police overkill, is patterned far too closely on its sister scene in *Bonnie and Clyde* to be much of a shocker, but Altman does not quite sell out to the latest

convention of the gangster genre. He takes liberties with the ending of the 1937 novel by Edward Anderson on which the movie is based, and, in a very human, unsentimental and ironic fashion Altman sends his rather unaffected, unromantic Juliet off into the Texas sunset and into oblivion vowing not to name her baby after its no-count Daddy, that erstwhile Romeo who finally double-crossed her just one too often.

Though *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* is my favorite Altman film (not to mention my favorite Western) and though I think *Thieves Like Us* is not as fine a film as *McCabe*, it is a very good film indeed-- interesting, entertaining and well worth your time and money.

—Jerry McAninch

Cinema/

Hard core

"Miss Jones" demonstrates there is nothing new happening in pornography

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES
starring Georgina Spelvin
at the Cine Art Theatre

Some people like westerns, others like science fiction, and still others like hard-core porno. Anyone whose taste includes this third genre of film should have an enjoyable time watching and participating in *The Devil in Miss Jones*, the first of the porno blockbusters to play downtown Columbia. (For those of you who get excited over such stuff, this film is playing within sight of the Capitol building. Supposedly this should add to the horror of our having this flick in town.)

Anyone whose cup of tea does not include watching films of people masturbating, fornicating or fellaciating however, should be forewarned. Though *The Devil in Miss Jones* has joined *Deep Throat* as the radically chic film to attend this year, it still caters to the tastes of the old faithfuls--the people (mostly men?) who go to skin flicks to get their rocks off.

Still, *The Devil in Miss Jones* rises above the level set by earlier porno. For instance, there is a plot which has the hint of an idea behind it. Some of the characters have names. Some of the people in it can actually act, most notably Georgina Spelvin (Miss Jones) and the film concerns the sexual fantasies of a woman instead of concentrating on the physical prowess of a male machine who smiles, wears socks, and remains erect throughout.

Justine Jones is an over-thirty virgin who commits suicide. Having violated a heavenly law, she learns from a demonic spokesman that she has destroyed any chance of eternal peace and happiness and street paved with gold. In fact, she must go to hell.

But the devil in this film is no bogey-man. "Since you're going to hell anyway," the business-like demon tells the



blushing virgin, "you may as well experience the sin known by those others there." Miss Jones agrees, choosing for her particular vice a demonic lust since that sin is among the seven deadly ones. Thus, she participates in seemingly endless sexual encounters with two men, a woman, a man and a woman, various pieces of fruit, and a snake before finding herself in the midst of a Sartrean hell from which, of course, there is no relief other than what her own fingers can offer. So, she must masturbate forever while her

fellow sufferers in hell remain oblivious to her shrieks for assistance.

In spite of producer-writer-director Gerard Damiano's artistic pretensions, his film can never rise to a high level of achievement except as superior pornography. Unlike "Last Tango", it probably rightfully belongs on the porno circuit. Damiano does achieve some scenes of striking beauty, especially the opening sequence of Miss Jones' suicide, and he certainly knows that action is the essence of film, but he keeps apologizing for many of his

better effects. He doesn't dare show us the suicide sequence, for instance, until he has run some footage from the hellbound ending to rouse his audience and let them know he's not going to get too high-brow. His Sartrean dabblings are comically ridiculous, so out of place in this film that the ending gives the aura of a bad pun, which is what the title is.

Perhaps I'm not the perfect judge for this. The last time I went to an "art house" was back in 1970 when I saw *I Am Curious*

(*Yellow*)--the subject of considerable controversy then. (In fact, that rather tame Swedish film was driven out of Columbia by irate citizens.)

Times have changed in the past four years. Perhaps what *The Devil in Miss Jones* best demonstrates is that there is nothing new happening in pornography. The men can still get their chuckles, and the women keep coming out of bottom.

—Mike Smith

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2 X-RATED SHORT SUBJECTS

"The Interview"
"Goodbye, Mr. George"

CINE-ART
THEATRE
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continued from back page

Richland County School District Two school board will meet on May 28 at 7 p.m. at the Conder Elementary School.

television

Saturday, May 25

2:15 p.m.—Okay baseball fans, get ready with the beer and popcorn and cronies for the Baltimore Orioles big struggle with the New York Yankees at New York. Curt and Tony Kubek will be on hand for the action. And if it rains, you'll suddenly be seeing the St. Louis Cardinals versus the Cubs at Chicago. (Channel 10)

2:30 p.m.—Movie. "Funny Face". (1957) This is a super nostalgia trip about a young beatnik girl who is discovered by a fashion photographer and goes to Paris for a pseudo-Vogue-type magazine. Naturally, Audrey Hepburn plays the waif and Fred Astaire plays the photog. A few dances and songs are thrown in just for the hell of it, and it's a lot of fun. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Dying Room Only". Cloris Leachman plays a panic-stricken lady who's stranded at a strange old roadside tavern (and it is rough, let me tell you) after her husband suddenly vanishes. Not only that, but two menacing good ole boys try to block her search for him. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.—Movie. "In the Heat of the Night". This is one of those exciting, South - in - the sixties films that's so fascinating to watch because it could be a dead ringer for the South - in - the seventies. Rod Steiger plays the crass, bigoted Southern sheriff (for which he won an Academy Award) and Sidney Poitier plays Mr. Tibbs. Also starring Warren Oates and Lee Grant. Worth it. (Channel 10)

10 p.m.—Theatre in America has "Monkey, Monkey, Bottle of Beer, How Many Monkeys Have We Here." And if you can get past the title it's really not so bad. The setting is a doctor's waiting room where five mothers of mentally retarded youngsters await—and agonize over the results of a medical experiment to boost their sons' IQs. Now doesn't that sound like a cheery way to spend the latter part of Saturday night? Hmmm? (Channel 35)

11 p.m.—Movie. "Houseboat." The old standard returns — the domestic comedy-drama. Made in 1958, this one's about a wealthy widower played by who else but Cary Grant who hires a bored socialite, who else but Sophia Loren to care for his children. I think that's a basically wrong description, but I get this one's plot mixed up with the film Sophie made with Clark Gable. (Channel 19)

12 a.m.—Movie. "The Quiller Memorandum". George Segal plays an American agent sent to Berlin to track

down the leaders of a murderous neo-Nazi organization. With Senta Berger, Alec Guinness, Max Von Sydow. (Channel 10)

12:15 a.m.—Don Kirshner's Rock Concert has Dr. John, the Climax Brothers, and Byron MacGregor. (Channel 25)

Sunday, May 26

1 p.m.—Movie. "Detective Story." Kirk Douglas plays a detective in this 1951 film about a police precinct under study during a "normal" day at the office. With Eleanor Parker and William Bendix. (Channel 19)

1:30 a.m.—Movie. "The Curse of the Fly." It's finally here, folks, the film you've all been waiting for. No, it's not the original, but it tries hard. (Channel 10)

2:30 p.m.—CBS Tennis Classic with Arthur Ashe and Cliff Drysdale meeting in an opening-round match. (Channel 19)

3 p.m.—Family Circle Tennis Tournament has the highest prize on the women's circuit — \$30,000 and some super players, Rosie Casals, Olga Morozova, Karen Krantzcke, Helen Gourlay, Chris Evert, Evonne Goolagong, Virginia Wade, Kerry Melville, and last year's winner Rosemary Casals. Filmed at quaint little Hilton Head's Sea Pines Plantation. A pity they couldn't find a better place to play than that shabby little place... (Channel 10)

5 p.m.—World Invitational Tennis Classic. Rod Laver and John Newcombe meet Stan Smith and Arthur Ashe in the men's doubles final. This one was also filmed at Hilton Head. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Indianapolis 500. A.J.'s ready for the big one. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Who's Afraid of Opera has Joan Sutherland playing Marguerite in "Faust." (Channel 35)

10 p.m.—NBC News Special Report. This "tele-news magazine" has reports on the war on cancer, the Detroit's great status as the murder capital of the U.S. along with a new prison plan in New York where inmates are paroled to go back to college (young inmates that is). (Channel 10)

10 p.m.—Firing Line has bilious Bill taking about cutting the Pentagon budget (there's a ray of hope) with Rep. Les Aspin (D-Wisconsin), a member of the House Armed Services Committee. (Channel 35)

Monday, May 27

If your dial is right and the show is wrong, look again. It may be the House Impeachment Hearings.

8:15 p.m.—Baseball with the Orioles meeting the Royals at Kansas City. If it rains there, the Houston Astros versus the Expos at Montreal will fill your screen. (Channel 10)

9 p.m.—Movie. "Hello Down There" is a ridiculous movie about a nut (Tony Randall) who lives in an underwater house while his wife withholds his marital

privileges from him when she's mad, the kids are idiots, and the whole situation is inane. Only watch this if you feel the crazies coming on. (Channel 25)

11 p.m.—Day at Night's James Day will host Hugh Hefner, talking about the Protestant Work Ethic (the what?) and his lifestyle. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "In the Steps of a Dead Man". A deserter takes advantage of a dead soldier's grieving family by posing as his friend. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" is that big musical made in the fifties with Howard Keel and Jane Powell providing the singing and the rest of the cast being wholesome and all-American. It's enough to make you barf. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, May 28

8 p.m.—Special. "The Bluffers." Carl Reiner, David Niven, Bob Hope, and a bunch of other people will demonstrate how to fool anyone by knowing how to bluff. Sounds much too "heartly" for me. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Beg, Borrow, or Steal". Mike Connors, Michael Cole, and Kent McCord play handicapped men who decide to improve their luck by attempting a complex museum robbery. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.—Emmy Awards. In the running for best special is "Miss Jane Pittman," "The Execution of Private Slovik," "The Migrants," "6 Rms Riv Vu," and "Steambath." And there are so many other categories that it's ridiculous for me to sit here at this typewriter and write 'em all down. (Channel 10)

11 p.m.—Day at Night hosts writer Irving Stone "The Agony and the Ecstasy," "Passions of the Mind," and mucho others. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Night Life". A restaurant that has seen better days is the drab setting for revenge. The main people are a jealous husband, his lonely wife and the restaurant owner, who once was the woman's husband. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Left Handed Gun." The great Arthur Penn version of the story of Billy the Kidd with Paul Newman as guess who. (Channel 19)

Wednesday, May 29

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Morning After." Dick Van Dyke plays an alcoholic who repeatedly abuses his family, only to sink deeper and deeper. I do believe, however, that he surfaces in the end. With Lynn Carlin as his wife. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.—Movie. "The Naked Runner." Frank Sinatra is innocently caught (nothing about Frank Sinatra is innocent) up in a complex espionage plot behind the "Iron Curtain." (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.—Special. "That's Entertainment: 50 Years of MGM." Celebrating MGM's golden anniversary

coverage of the premiere of "That's Entertainment" together with clips from the film which include memorable moments from MGM musicals, and interviewers George and Alana Hamilton talking to the visitors at a post-premiere party. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Asylum." A madhouse provides the framework for this collection of Gothic horror tales by "Psycho" author Robert Bloch. With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. (Channel 19)

Thursday, May 30

8 p.m.—Special. "Culture Thieves." All about how archeological artifacts are bought, sold, faked, and perhaps destroyed by looters. Howard K. Smith and Peter Jennings do the reporting. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.—"The Christmas Tree". (1969) William Holden plays a wealthy widower whose 10 year old son is slowly dying from radiation poisoning. Sounds like fun, doesn't it? (Channel 19)

10 p.m.—"The Pursuit of Youth," a report on an expensive American dream. Featured are fat farms, rejuvenation through injection of animal protein, plastic surgeons, and a men's wig salesman whose customers include clergyman and lieutenant governors. (Channel 10)

10 p.m.—Bill Moyers' Journal. Billy boy explores the case for and against impeachment (and who hasn't?). (Channel 35)

11 p.m.—Day at Night. James Day talks with writer Christopher Isherwood (author of "I Am a Camera", the original prototype of "Cabaret" from "Berlin Stories."). (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Dick Cavett will have this show reserved for discussion of the new wave of kidnappings. No guests were scheduled as of this printing. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "Somebody Behind the Door," about a brain surgeon who attempts to make an amnesiac commit murder for him. With Anthony Perkins, Jill Ireland, and Charles Bronson. (Channel 19)

Friday, May 31

9 p.m.—Movie. "Any Wednesday", the Resnick comedy about a married tycoon who keeps his mistress in a Manhattan "executive suite." With Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Dean Jones, and Rosemary Murphy. (Channel 10)

9 p.m.—Movie. "Honor Thy Father," the film adaptation of Gay Talese's best seller about the true story of life inside the Mafia centering on the collapse of the NYC family ruled by Joe Bonano. With Joseph Bologna, Raf Vallone, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "House of Evil." Four teenage girls are missing in New England — until one is found who claims she was held as a slave by devil worshippers. Snore. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Fearless Vampire Killers" features Sharon Tate in her husband's fine satire on horror thrillers. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Channel 19)

1 a.m.—Midnight Special has Marty Robbins as host (this one's gonna be a winner) and an all country cast including Anne Murray, George Jones and Tammy Wynette, and a bunch of other good folks. (Channel 10)

Edited by Julie Britt Byrum

1524 Washington Street 252-7933

Fotografie, Inc.



cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedule.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Run, Nigger, Run". Oh yeah? If you're still interested after reading the title, the showtimes are 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

Starting May 31st is "The Chinese Godfather," and if you believe that one, you'll believe anything. Check with the theatre for times.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Contact" and "The Computer Game" are running in X-rated continuous showings from 3:30 p.m. until the wee hours of the morning. Starting the 31st is "Big Sin City" (they finally made a movie about Columbia) and "Nurses' Report" about the sexual activities of a band of ladies in white.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Welcome to Arrow Beach" looks to be a "suspense" film replete with terror and axe-killings. Yecch. With Joanna Pettet, Laurence Harvey, and Stuart Whitman. Shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

Well, it's here. How long it stays is another matter...Just make sure that you hide when the sheriff comes, cause "The Devil in Miss Jones" is here, the very first time in South Carolina (and very well may be the last). Shows are continuous from 1 p.m. with the box office opening at 12:45.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"The Paper Chase" with good ole hairy Timothy Bottoms and Lindsay Wagner again in this totally unrealistic but enjoyable film about chasing degrees and good grades at Harvard Law School. John Houseman as the mean ole prof gives a fantastic performance. Shows at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"The Sting" is conning everybody after winning the Oscar this year for best picture. With Robert Shaw, Robert Redford, and Paul Newman. Shows at 2, 4:20, 6:40, and 9 p.m.

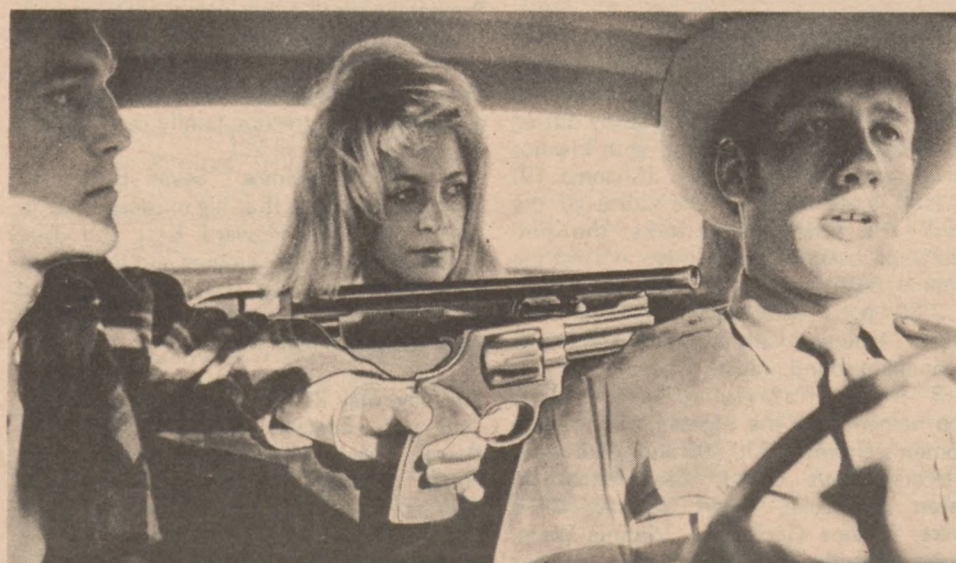
FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Exorcist" has sort of quieted sown of late. Signs of leaving are beginning to appear in the box office. Wait around for the second run before you rush out to spend a precious \$3 on it. Shows at 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, Cayce, 796-0022

"Jeremiah Johnson" is back, this time being touted as a "classic". The only reason it's classic is that Redford's star is ascending and everyone wants to clean up on him while the iron is hot. It's okay, but nothing to get excited about. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, 796-0022



Goldie Hawn in "Sugarland Express" at the Miracle

"The Three Musketeers" has just about everything for entertainment. With Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston, Michael York, Geraldine Chaplin, Oliver Reed, and Richard Chamberlain. Shows at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Great Gatsby" with its beautiful scenery, clothing, cars, and people is not exactly the way Scott Fitzgerald would have done it, but it's well worth seeing. Sam Waterston shines as Nick Carraway, with Robert Redford as Jay Gatsby, Mia Farrow, Lois Chiles, Scott Wilson, Karen Black, and Bruce Dern. Shows at 1, 3:40, 6:20, and 9 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1050

"The Sugarland Express" with Goldie Hawn and William Atherton star in this film about a young wife who helps her husband escape from a Texas prison. Based on an actual incident in Texas, this one might be worth seeing. Call the theatre for times.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Spikes Gang" with mean Lee Marvin starring in what appears to be just another rough, tough Lee Marvin film. Call the theatre for times.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-5800

"Challenge" is an unknown quantity. But I do know it was filmed in the Carolinas and has some mean-looking hoppers with guns and fast cars on the promo ads. See it at your own risk at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Jeremiah Johnson" struggles on in the wilderness of Robert Redford until May 31 when "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" with Joanne Woodward as a dried-up vestige of American housewifery may come on the scene.

music

Terry Rosen is now appearing Friday and Saturday evenings at the Lobby Restaurant on the corner of Main and Gervais Streets in the basement.

Poverty is playing on Friday and Saturday nights at the Ale House at 3137 Beltline Boulevard. Julia also does her

things as an extra added excitement.

Jim and Lee, an up and coming musical duo, are performing every Monday night at the Scarlet Pumpnickel in Downunder Columbia.

art

Art works by inmates of the Central Correctional Institution are on exhibit in the Richland Memorial Hospital lobby through June 8.

Fotographie, Inc. is currently exhibiting photography by local artists of the lens through the month of June at the shop at 1524 Washington Street.

"An Executive Collects" featuring paintings, sculpture, and graphics will be on view at the Columbia Museum of Art May 10 through June 2. The collection ranges from French Impressionism through 1974's contemporary art styles. The show will also introduce five new gifts to the Museum's permanent collection. The Museum will sponsor an open evening to premiere this new collection at 8:30 on Thursday, May 9, which will be open to the general public.

Also beginning May 10, and running through June 16, will be an exhibit of the graphics of Henri Toulouse-Latrec, including the artist's posters for Le Moulin Rouge and other Parisian gathering places.

specials

The S.C. Civil Liberties Union has printed wallet cards entitled "You and the Police." The cards outline some of the rights of citizens dealing with the police including such situations as "If you are stopped by the police...", "If the police come to your house...", "If you are arrested...", "If the police break the law...", and jail conditions. Anyone wishing to obtain one of these cards (and who wouldn't) should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop to the ACLU office at 2016½ Green Street, Columbia 29205.

The South Carolina Review spring issue is now on sale from Clemson University. This season's issue includes articles on Robert Lowell, Henry James, and William Faulkner, as well as an interview with Thomas Wolfe's brother Fred of Spartanburg, sole surviving member of Wolfe's famous family. Subscription requests and manuscripts to be considered for publication should be sent to "The South Carolina Review", English

Department, Clemson University, Clemson, S.C. 29631.

If you're an actor or actress...and would like to get away from your monotonous job and into something dramatic, the South Carolina Open Road Ensemble of the Arts Commission is holding auditions for the touring company in the mid-summer months. The SCORE company will consist of nine performers: three actors, three actresses, and three apprentice act-persons. In addition to performing plays selected for production, the company will also conduct workshops and seminars for schools and community theatres. Actors interested in applying for an audition must be available for full-time touring (19 weeks worth) and should have had considerable theatre experience. A resume with photograph and indication of other talents (i.e., musical, singing, dancing, etc.) should be sent to Dick Goldberg, S.C. Arts Commission, 1205 Pendleton Street, Columbia 29201 no later than June 15. Specify on the resume which of the audition locales of Columbia, Charleston, Greenville, Atlanta, or Winston-Salem you prefer.

Don't forget about the new recycling center on the corner of Huger and Laurel Streets. Bring down all your recyclable paper and cardboard, tin, aluminum, and glass on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 3 to 6 p.m. and on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

theatre

Cinderella returns in a revamped musical version at Town Theatre. The show opens on Friday, May 31 at 7:30 p.m. and will play at 2 and 4 p.m. June 1 and 2. Call the Town Theatre box office for ticket and performance details at 254-7227.

politics

And the race is on with the traditional first political stump meeting of the year at Galivants Ferry, South Carolina in the heart of good ole Pee Dee tobacco country. The speakin' will be held at 5:30 p.m. on May 27 (that's Memorial Day for you transplanted Yankees) with the official chicken bog (don't ask what's in it) and lemonade being served when Colonel John M. Holliday opens the stump. Music will be provided by Red White and his Dixie Boys and Girls, and oh, yes...the politicians will be out in full force to press the flesh. If you've never been, it's worth the trip down.

Lieutenant Governor Earle E. Morris, a candidate for Governor (how did you guess?) will speak at the Mayor's Committee for the Employment of the Handicapped Annual Awards Luncheon. The luncheon will be held on Monday, May 27 at 12 noon at the Carolina Inn.

meetings

Richland County Council meets every Wednesday on the third floor of the old Columbia Hospital on 2020 Hampton Street at 2:30 p.m.

Richland County School District One school board will meet on Tuesday, May 28 at the Administration Building at 1616 Richland Street at 5 p.m.

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